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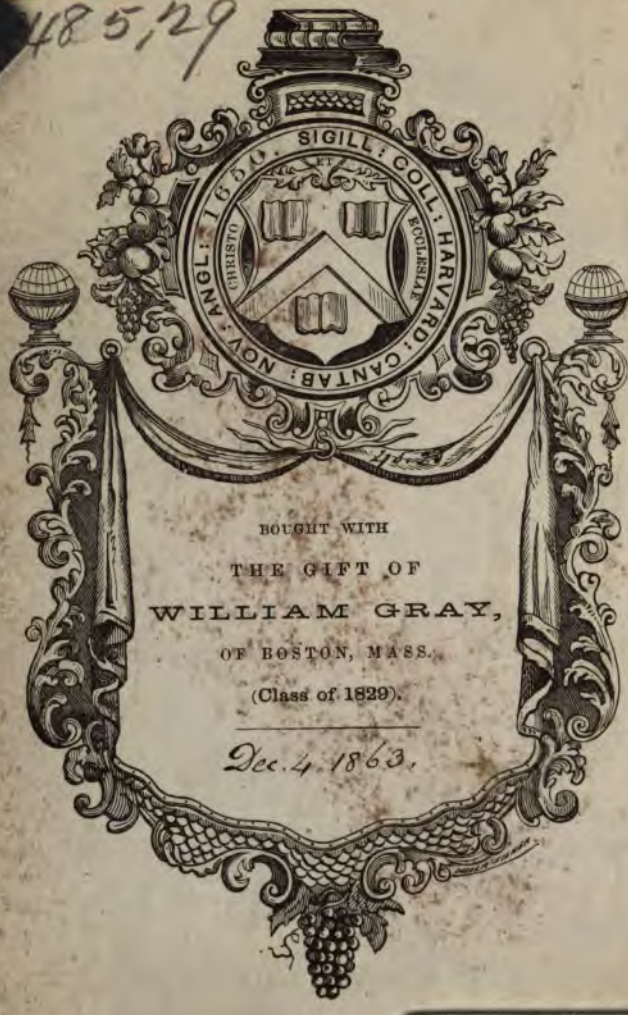

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Quidnam tremulis facere artubus Hædi
Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis?
LUCRET. III. 7.

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LITERARUM STUDIOSO,

DE MUSIS EGREGIE MERITO,

IPSI PER LONGA

ARCTISSIMÆ AFFINITATIS TEMPORA,

IN LÆTIS, IN TRISTIBUS,

PUBLICE, PRIVATIM,

AMICO, DUCI, MONITORI

OPTIMO, CONSTANTISSIMO,

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L.

QUÆ sequuntur, usque ad DCCXXXum divini poematis versum, olim Etonæ, deinde Grantæ alumnus deduxeram. Nescio quo casu intermissa, seposita, immo e mente elapsa sunt. Cum demum recolui, pigebat quidem opera adeo pendere interrupta: hærebam dubius, ne me in palæstram diu relictam redeuntem, ridendum potius quum laudandum ostensurus essem. Tandem in anno præterito, et post nonnulla ejusdem generis quasi præludentis tentamina, prioribus etiam pro virili correctis, inchoata resumpsi et perfeci: eatenus saltem fausta Minerva, quod perfecerim. Bene vero necne, lenius velim judicent illi, pauci quidem, qui talia adhuc non dedignantur.

Cæterum nollem creditum, me horas illas quæ ab omnibus, civitatis ergo, in alia et graviora postulantur, hujusmodi deverticulis dedisse. Mihi vero contingit, ea ipsa prosequenti, permultum temporis inter ambulandum, inter equitandum, soli et vacuo peragere. Nempe tunc erat his excogitandis locus: neque aliud domi nisi recensionem curabam.

Restant duo, de quibus lectorem monere libet.

In strophicis concinnandis, cum rationem ipsam metrorum prorsus nescirem, exemplum quoddam e Tragicis, secundum probatæ alicujus editionis ordinem, mihi proposui, et ad amussim secutus sum: ita tamen ut licentiam istam *τοῦ ἰσοχρόνου*, necnon alteram de initiali atque de ultima syllaba, ut pro arbitrio plerumque seu breves seu longæ essent, libenter mihi permiserim; Tragicis in utroque, ni fallor, adstipulantibus.

Porro fatendum est, plurima in his esse vocabula quæ nonnisi apud auctores sequioris, ut aiunt, monetæ reperiantur. Sed enim lingua, ita mecum putabam, facillima verborum compositione gaudet, idque ad accuratas analogiæ regulas facit: *ἅπαξ λεγομένοις*, ut dicimus, scatent quæ supersunt ejus monumenta.

Fertur vir doctus de alio quodam dixisse, 'Græce profecto intelligit: Græcas scilicet suo Marte voculas fingit.' At si secundum normam et proprietatem linguæ, acuminis non inscitiæ documentum dabat.

Auctores denique in hac re adhibere possum, in hoc genere me judice præstantissimos, C. Merivale *τὸν πάνυ*, et juvenem eximiæ indolis R. C. Jebb: quorum illum in Latinis, hunc in Græcis, hac libertate uti, in aperto est.

COMUS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

COMUS with his crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ ΦΥΛΑΞ.

ΚΩΜΟΣ ΣΥΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΥΑΙΡΟΙΣ.

Η ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ΠΡΩΤΟΣ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ΣΑΒΡΙΝΑ ΝΥΜΦΗ.

The FIRST SCENE *discovers a wild wood.*
The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

ΠΡΟΣ ἀστερωπὸν Ζηνὸς ἀντικείμενον
αὐλὴν ἐνοικῶ δῶμ', ἀγηράτων ὅπου
φαιδρῶν τε μορφαὶ δαιμόνων ἀφρόντιδες
ναίουσ', ἐν ἕδραις ἡσυχῇ πολούμεναι
γαληνίοισι περικυκλοῦντος αἰθέρος·
ὑπὲρ σκοτείνου τοῦδε τοῦ κάτω τόπου
θορύβων καπνοῦ θ', ὃν Γῆν ἐπωνομασμένον
θνητοὶ λέγουσιν, οἱ χαμαιπετεῖ φρενὶ
κλεισθέντες ἕρκει τῷδε κἀνοχλούμενοι
βίον πόνοις τρέφουσιν ἀσθενῇ, κακῷ
νοσοῦντα πυρετῷ· στεμμάτων ἀμνήμονες
ἃ δὴ βρότειον ὄγκον ἐκδεδυκόσιν
αὐτῆς ὀπαδοῖς τοῖς ἀληθέσιν θεὰ
Ἀρετὴ δίδωσι, δαιμόνων θρόνοις μέτα
ἁγνοῖσι λαμπροὺς ἁρμόσασ' ἑδωλίοις.
τίνες δ' ἔτ' εἰσιν, οἱ τρόπους δι' ὀρθίους
τὴν κλῇδα συντείνουσι τὴν χρυσήλατον

That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun, 30

λαβεῖν δικαίᾳ χειρὶ, τὴν ἀτερμόνων
τὸ δῶμ' ἀναπτύσσουσαν οὐρανοῦ χρόνων.
πρὸς οὖν τοιούτους εἶμι· τοιούτων ἄτερ 20
ἐσθῆτ' ἄχραντον, ἄμβροτον, ταύτην ἐγὼ
οὐκ ἂν μολύναιμ' ἀτμίδων μιάσμασιν
ἃς πηλὸς οὐπίτριπτος ἐν κακοῖς φύει.
Ἀλλ' εἶμ' ἐς ἔργον. ἡ Ποσειδῶνος βία,
πρὸς τῇ θαλάσσης ἁλμυρᾶς τυραννίδι
πάσης τ' ἀμοιβῶν ῥευμάτων ἀμπώτιδος,
ἀρχὴν μεσηγὺ τοῦ κάτω κἄνω Διὸς
νήσους λέλογχε τὰς ἁλιῤῥόθους ἔπι,
αἵγ' ὥσπερ ἀστράπτοντα δαιδάλων λίθων
ποικίλματ', αἰόλλουσ' ἀκιβδήλου μέγα 30
στῆθος θαλάσσης· τοῖς ὑπηρέταις δέ νιν
ἔδωκεν εἰς ἄγαλμα τοῖς αὐτοῦ θεοῖς,
ἑξῆς ἑκάστῳ νῆσον εὐθύνειν τινα·
αὐτούς τ' ἐᾷ στίλβοντας ἐν γλαυκῷ φάει
στεφάνους στέφεσθαι, χερσί τ' εὐτελεστέρας
πάλλειν τριαίνας, τήνδε τὴν γαῖαν μόνην
πόντῳ μεγίστην ἅμα τε βελτίστην ἔνι
κυανοτρίχων ἀγῶνι δαιμόνων διδούς·
πεδίον δὲ τοῦτο πᾶν, πρὸς ἑσπέραν βλέπον,

A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape

εὐπατρίδης, πίστει τε καὶ ῥώμῃ σθένων 40
ταμίας φυλάσσει, μετρίῳ δ' εἴργων φόβῳ
γένος παλαιὸν οἷος ἰθύνει χερὶ,
ὑψηλόφρον τε κἂν μάχαις ὑπέρβιον.
μέλλει δ' ἀρ' οἳ μολοῦσα καλλίστη γονὴ
πάσῃ τε παιδευθεῖσ' ἐπιστήμῃ, καθ' ἃ
πρέπει γ' ἀνάκτων τέκνα, παρστῆναι πατρὶ,
σκήπτρου θ' ὁρᾶν νεωστὶ πιστευθὲν σέβας.
οἶμος δὲ τοῖσιδ' ἀγρίοισιν ἐν στίβοις
κεῖται, δι' ὕλην ἄξυλον, δυσεύρετον·
νεύει τε δεινῶς ὀφρύων βαθύσκιος 50
φρικὴ, πλανηθέντ', οἷον, ἠρημωμένον
φίλων, ἀπειλαῖς ἐκφοβοῦσ' ὁδοιπόρον·
ἥβη δὲ παίδων νήπιος τάχ' ἂν πέσοι
κίνδυνον εἰς ἄφαντον, εἰ μὴ κοίρανος
Ζεὺς εἰσέπεμψεν εὐσταλῆ πομπὴν ἔμε,
νεανίαισιν ἔρυμα καὶ σωτὴρ' ὁδῶν.
τὴν αἰτίαν δ' ἀκούσατ'· ἐξερῶ τε γὰρ
τοιαῦθ', ἅγ' οὔδεις οὐδέπω μυθούμενα
ἔγνωκεν, οὐδ' ὑμνούμεν' ὠδαῖσιν πάλαι,
οὐδ' αὖ νεωστ', αὐλαῖσιν, ἢ 'ν κήπων μύχῳ. 60
Ὁ πρῶτος ἡμῖν πορφυρῶν ἐκ βοτρύων

Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine:)
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,

οἴνου λεῄνας ἡδὺ φάρμακον, γέρας
ἀνωφελὲς βροτοῖσι, Διόνυσος πατὴρ,
ναύτων ἐπεὶ μετέβαλε Τυρσήνων φύσιν,
αὐτὸν παρέπλει θῖν', ὅπη φέροι πνοὴ,
νῆσόν τε Κίρκης εὗρεν· ἡλίου τέκος
τίς δῆτα Κίρκην ἀγνοεῖ; Κίρκης ποτῶν
τῶν θαυματουργῶν πᾶς τις ὡς ἐγεύσατο
ἔπιπτεν, ὀρθόν πως μεταλλαχθεὶς δέμας
εἰς ὖν, ἄμορφον σχῆμα, τὴν χαμευνάδα. 70
ἥβην δε νύμφη τερψίνουν νεανίου
καὶ βοστρύχους ὁρῶσα, βοτρύων δίκην
κισσήρεσιν κόκκοισιν ἐμπεπλεγμένους,
υἱόν τιν' ἔτεκεν οἷ, πρὶν ἐξελθεῖν τόπων,
Κῶμόν τ' ἔκλῃζε· πατρὶ μὲν προσείκελος
ἦν, τῇ δὲ μητρὶ μᾶλλον, ἧς τραφεὶς ὕπο
ἤκμαζε, πρωθήβῳ δὲ φιλοπαίγμων φρενὶ
Κελτῶν Ἰβήρων τ' ἐν τόποις ἐπλάζετο·
τέλος δ' ἐς ὕλην τήνδε δύσφημον πεσὼν,
θάμνων πυκασθεὶς ἐν κατασκίῳ στέγῃ 80
τεχναῖσι δειναῖς ὑπερέχει τῆς μητέρος,
ἀεὶ καμόντι παρατιθεὶς ὁδοιπόρῳ
ἐκπωμάτων ᾠῶον ὑαλίνων γάνος,

To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were:
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,

παυστῆρα Φοίβου καυμάτων μεσημβρίνου·
καὶ τοῦτ' ἐπεὶ πίνουσιν (οἱ πλείους τε γὰρ
πίνουσι, δίψαν ἄφρον', ἄπληστον δία)
ὄψιν μεταλλαγέντα τὴν ἀνθρωπίνην
πρόσωπ' ἔχουσιν, εἰκόν' ἀκριβῆ Θεῶν,
εἰς θηρίου τι σχῆμα, φαρμάκων ὕπο,
ἄρκτον λύκον τε, πάρδαλιν καὶ τιγρίδα, 90
καπρὸν, γενειήτην τε μιμοῦντες τράγον.
αὐτοὶ δὲ τοίᾳ δυστυχοῦσι μωρίᾳ
ἄμορφον ὥστ' ὄνειδος οὐδ' ἅπαξ ὁρᾶν,
εἴδει δ' ἐπαυχεῖν τοῦ πρὶν ἐυπρεπεστέρῳ,
φίλων τε πατρώου τε λήθεσθαι δόμου,
αἰσχροῖς συφοῖσιν ἀσμένως χαμαιλεχεῖς.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἄρ' εἴ τις Ζηνὸς ὑψίστου φίλος
τὸ δειματῶδες τυγχάνει νάπος περῶν,
ἐγώ νιν ἄξων εὐλαβὴς, ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
πρηνὲς διαστίλβοντος ὡς λάμπει σέλας 100
ἄστρου, δι' αὔραν ἐγκατασκήπτω χθονὶ,
ὡς νῦν· τὸ δ' οὖν πάμπρωτον ἀποβαλεῖν πρέπει
οὐράνια φάρη ταῦτα, τῆς κροκῆς ἄπο
τῆς Ἴριδος κεκλωσμέν', ἐνδῦναί τε χρὴ
τρίβων' ἀγροίκου καὶ πρόσωπον ἐμφερὲς,

That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
Of this occasion.—But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps—I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of Day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam

τοῦ τοῖσδε θητεύοντος ἐν δόμοις πάλαι·
ὃς μαλθακῇ σύριγγι καὶ μελιῤῥύτῳ
μολπῇ, δυσαῶν οἶδε τὴν ἀμείλιχον
βίαν θυελλῶν κοίμισαι, καὶ φυλλάδα
πνοαῖσι κυμαίνουσαν· ἔστι δ' εὐσεβὴς, 110
φροῦραν δὲ τήνδε τὴν ὀρεινόμον λαχὼν
χρείᾳ γε τῇ νῦν καιριώτατος πάρα.
ἀλλ', εἰσακούω γὰρ ποδῶν στυγνῶν βάσιν,
ἤδη βρότειον ὄμμα δεῖ μ' ὑπεκφυγεῖν.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἀστὴρ, ποιμέσι καιρὸς ἐναύλου,
κατέχει μέσσον φαιδρὸς Ὄλυμπον·
τέγγει δ' ἄξονα τ'ν πυριθαλπῆ
ῥείθροις πρηνέσιν Ἀτλαντείοις
δίφρος ὁ Φοίβου χρυσεόκυκλος·

Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal 100
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;

πόλον ἠέλιος πρὸς ἀμαυρὸν 120
λεχρίαν ἀκτῖν' ἐπάνω βάλλων
εἰς ἀντίπορον τέρμονα κοίτας
τὰς ἠώας μεταβαίνει.
χαῖρ' οὖν Θαλία, χαῖρ' Εὐφροσύνα,
Κῶμοί τε, Βοά θ' ἁ μεσονύκτιος,
οἰνοπλάνητόν τ' ὄρχημ' ἄπονον·
πλέκετ' ἐν ῥοδίῳ πλέγματι χαίταν
χρίσμασιν ὑγρὰν, ὑγρὰν Βρομίῳ·
νῦν γε τὸ Σεμνὸν κατακοιμᾶται,
τό τε Νουθεσίας ὄμμα περίσσοφρον· 130
ἀπαράμυθον[1] δ' εὕδει Γήρας,
χἁ Σωφροσύνα, δριμεῖα θεὰ,
σοφίαν θρυλοῦσα ματαίαν.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φλογὸς τᾶς ἁγνοτέρας
ἀστεροειδῆ
ζηλοῦμεν χορὸν, οἱ παννυχίοις
ἄγρυπνα κύκλοις περιτελλομένων
ἐτεῶν φυγάδας μῆνας ἄγουσιν.
λιμένες, πορθμοί τ', αἰολόφυλοί τ'
ἰχθύες ἤδη μαρμαρυγαῖσιν 140

[1] Vid. Blomf. ad *Æsch. Prom.* 193.

And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns: mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art called, but when the dragon-womb

δίαν τιμῶσι Σελάναν·
κατὰ δὲ ξουθοὺς ἅλος αἰγιάλους
σκιρτᾶ λάλιον μορμολύκειον,
ῥαδινά τ' ἔμπουσα χορεύει.
παρὰ μειδώντων
νάματα κρουνῶν ἄκρα τε χείλη,
Δρυάδες, κομψὰν κόσμον ἔχουσαι
βάλλιδα, τερπνοῖς παίγνι' ἄγουσιν
κώμοις ἱλαραί·
νὺξ δέ μοι ὕπνῳ τί συ κοινωνεῖς; 150
νὺξ μέγ' ἀμείνω τέρψιν παρέχει·
Κύπρις ἐγερθεῖσ' υἷον ἐγείρει.
σπεύδετε δ'· ἡμὶν ἐς ὄργια καιρός·
μόνον ἐκφαίνει φῶς ἀλιτήμονα·
ταῦτα δὲ κευθμῶν
σκοτόεις οὔ πως ἀποδείξει.
χαῖρε μελάμπεπλος ἐν νυκτερίνοις
παίγμασι δαῖμον, χαῖρε, Κοτύττω·
σοὶ πῦρ δᾳδων πάννυχον αἴθει
κρυφίων, δέσποιν' ἄφατος, κληθεῖσ' 160
ὅποτε Στυγίας ὁ δρακοντώδης
νεφέλας γαστὴρ καταπυκνοτάταν

Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

[*The Measure.*]

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)

ἔπτυσεν ὄρφναν,
ἀέρα χραίνων κηλῖδι μίᾳ·
δίφρους Ἑκάτᾳ σοί θ' ἅμα κοίνους
ἐβένου παῦσον ζοφόεντος,
σοῦ δ' εὐόρκους ἱερεῖς ἡμᾶς
βλέψον πρευμενὲς, ἔς τ' ἂν τελετὰς
πάντως πάσας σοὶ τελέσωμεν,
πρίν γ' ἐξ ἑδρῶν λαλὸν ἠώων 170
φύλακ', ἐν κορυφαῖς Ἴνδων ἀπαλὰν
Ἠριγένειαν, σκοπιάζουσαν
τῆλ' ἐκ θυρίδος μυχόθεν κοίλας,
ἀθυρογλώσσῳ δεῖξαι Φοίβῳ
τάδ' ἀπορρήτων ὄργια θεσμῶν.
ἄγετ' οὖν, φιλίας ἅπτετε χεῖρας,
καὶ ποδὶ κούφῳ
πολυδαίδαλα πλήσσετε γαῖαν.

Παύσασθε τούτων· πλημμελοῦς γὰρ ᾐσθόμην
ποδῶν βαδίσμου σωφρόνων τοῖσδ' ἐν τόποις· 180
ὁρμᾶτ' ἐς ἄντρα δενδρέων πολύπτυχα·
ὄχλος γὰρ ἦν περισσός· ἔστι παρθένος
(τοῦτ' ἐκμαθεῖν ἔνεστι τὴν τέχνην δία)

Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

[*The Lady enters.*]

νυκτιπλάνης ναπαῖσιν· ἀλλ' ἐς φαρμάκων
πολυπλόκων δολώματ' εἶμι, καὶ ταχὺ
κάλλιστα δὴ ποιμναῖσι πλουτισθήσομαι,
ὅσαι γ' ἐφέρβοντ' ἀμφὶ τὴν Κίρκην πάλαι.
οὕτως ἐπῳδὰς αἰθέρ' ὑδρηλὸν διὰ
ῥίπτω, καταμβλύνω τε τὴν ὄψιν τινος,
λήμης ἀμαυρᾶς τῇ γοητείᾳ πλανῶν 190
ψευδὲς δίδωμ' αἴσθημα, μήποθ' οἱ τόποι
καὶ σχῆμ' ἀηθὲς τοὐμὸν ἔκπληξιν φέρῃ,
φεύγῃ δ' ὑποπτεύουσα ταῦθ' ἡ παρθένος.
οὐ δή· τρόποις γὰρ τοῦτ' ἐμοῖς ἀντιῤῥέπει·
ἔγωγε, βουλῆς εὐπρεπῆ σκῆψιν φίλης
ἔπη τε σαίνοντ' εὐθέτου θωπεύματος
γνωμῶν τε δέλεαρ οὐκ ἀπροσφόρων ἔχων,
ὧδ' ἐμπλέκω τ' ἐμαυτὸν εὐήθει τινι,
ἔπειτά τ' ἀγκασθέντ' ἐπεμβάλλω πάγῃ.
ἡ δ' εἴποθ' ἥψαθ' οὗ τρέφει δεινὴ κύνις 200
τοῦ φαρμακώδους, ὀμμάτων ἀκμῇ, μένους,
ἡγήσεταί με νήπιόν τιν' ἀγρότην,
σκεύη τ' ἀΰπνου ἀμφέπειν γεωργικά.
ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν εἶμ'· ἡ γὰρ ἔρχεται σαφῶς.
ἀκούσομαι δ', εἰ 'ξεστ', ὅτ' ἂν δρᾶσαι θέλῃ.

LADY.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet, O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

Τῇδ' ἦν ὁ δοῦπος, ὥσιν εἰ πίστις πάρα·
τῶν δ' οὐ μάτην κλύοιμ' ἄν· ἦν δ' ὥς τις ψόφος
χόρων ἀτάκτοις ὀργίοις πολυῤῥόθων·
ἀθύρμασιν τοῖόν ποτ' εὐτερπὴς δόναξ
ἀγραμμάτοις ἤγειρε κωμήταις μέτα, 210
ὅτ' ἀντὶ ποιμνῶν τῆς πολυῤῥήνου χλιδῆς
σταχύων τε πλήθους, Πᾶνα τὸν φερόλβιον
αἰνοῦσ' ἀσελγεῖ δυσμαθεῖς χορεύματι,
θεοῖς τε φλαῦρον ἱεροποιοῦσιν τρόπον.
ἐγὼ δ' ἂν οὐχ ἑκοῦσα τῶνδε συμποτῶν
νύκτωρ ἀναιδεῖ καὶ μεθυστίκῳ στόλῳ
τλαίην ἀπαντᾶν· εἰ δὲ μή, πῶς, ὦ θεοί,
ἵλης ἀμαύρας τῆσδ' ἀνεξόδου πτύχας
πόδας διδάσκειν τοὺς ἀπαιδεύτους πάρα;
δέμας γὰρ ἀῤῥωστοῦσαν ἐκ μακρᾶς ὁδοῦ 220
ξύνωρις αὐτάδελφος εἰσιδοῦσ' ἐμὲ,
ἐλατῶν ἔκριναν ὧδ' ἐναυλίζειν ὑπὸ
τῆς εὐσκιάστου φυλλάδος· φροῦδοι δὲ νῦν,
ἄξοντες ἢ κόκκων τιν' ἢ καρπῶν τροφὴν,
θάλπους ἀναψυκτῆρά μοι· τοιαῦτα δὴ
ἵλη προθύμως πορσυνεῖ φιλοξενος.

They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain; 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious Darkness, ere they would return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,

ᾤχοντο δ', ἥνιχ' ἑσπέρα ξουθόπτερος
διφρῶν ἔτελλεν ἐσχάτης ἀπ' ἄντυγος
Φοίβου, σκυθρωπὸς ὥς τις ἱκεσίᾳ στολῇ
πέφην' ἀλήτης· νῦν δὲ ποῦ μέλλουσί μοι; 230
τί δ' οὐχ ὑπεστρέψαντο; καλχαίνω τάδε.
ἔοικε δὴ τοῦ γ' εὐλαβοῦς πορρωτέρω
πόδας πλανᾶσθαι, τήν τε νύκτ' ἀνοστίμους
κλέψαι φθονοῦσαν τῆς κασιγνήτης ἄπο.
εἰ μὴ γάρ, ὤμοι λῃστικωτάτη σὺ Νὺξ,
κακοῦργον οὔδεν μηχανῶσα τυγχάνεις,
ἡ σὴ τί λαμπὰς ὧδ' ἀλάμπετος σκότῳ
ἔκρυψεν ἄστρα, τὰν κυκλοῖσιν οὐρανοῦ
νόμοις κρεμασθέντ' ἐμφύτοις, κᾀξ ἀφθίτου
πηγῶν ἐλαίου δᾷδας, αἴθ' ὁδοιπόρῳ 240
διδοῦσι τῷ πλάνητι καὶ μόνῳ φαός;
τόπος δ' ὅδ' ἐστιν αὐτὸς, ὥς γ' ἐπεικάσαι,
ἀφ' οὗ νεωστὶ χάρμα πολυγηθεῖ βοᾷ
ἔτρησε λαμπρῶς ὥτ' ἀκουούσης ἐμοῦ·
νυκτὸς δ' ἐπελθοῦσ' ὄμμ' ἐφευρίσκω μόνον.
τί τοῦτ' ἂν εἴη; μύρι' ἐν μνήμης βάθει
μορφαῖσι φάσματ' ἀθρόαις ἀγείρεται,
εἴδωλα προσκαλοῦντα, κοὐκ ὄντων σκιὰ

And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed. 220
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth a silver lining on the night?
I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

δεινόν τι προσνεύουσα, καὶ καταπτέρων
ψιθύρισμα φωνῶν, αἵ τ' ἐπιῤῥήδην λιγὺ 250
κλῄζουσιν ἄνδρας, ἐννύχους κατ' ᾠόνας,
ψάμμου τε πεδία, κἀβρότους ἐρημίας.
τούτων μεν ἡ 'νθύμησις ἐκπλήσσειν ἴσως
οὐκ ἐκφοβεῖν δύναιτ' ἂν ἄχραντον φρενὰ,
ἥτις κραταιὸν εἰσαεὶ 'πιτάῤῥοθον
ἔχουσα φοιτᾷ, τὴν Ξυνείδησιν λέγω.
χαῖρ' ἁγνὸν ὄμμα Πίστεως, χαῖρ' εὐμενῶς
ὑπερπετής μου δαῖμον, ὦ χρυσόπτερε
λευκώλεν' Ἐλπίς· χαῖρε παρθένον Σέβας,
ἀκήρατον μόρφωμα· νῦν ὑμᾶς τορῶς 260
ἔναντα λεύσσω, τόδε πεπεισμένη, θεὸν
τὸν πάντ' ἄριστον, οὗ βροτῶν αἱ ξυμφοραὶ
λάτρεις ὑπηρετοῦσι τῇ τιμωρίᾳ,
πέμψειν ποτ', εἰ δέοι γε, παμφεγγῆ τινα
αἰδοῦς ἀοσσητῆρα καὶ ψυχῆς ἐμοί.
ἔα· ἆρ' οὖν φρενώλης εἶμ'; ἀλαμπέτου νέφος
πρὸς νύκτ' ἔοικεν ἐξύφασμ' ὑπεκφέρειν
πάλλευκον· οὐκ ἔγωγ'· ἀλάμπετον νέφος
πρὸς νύκτ' ἀληθῶς ἐξύφασμ' ὑπεκφέρει
πάλλευκον, εὔφυλλόν τε φαιδρύνει νάπην. 270

I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
Or in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where, 240

ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφοὺς οὐκ ἔχουσα προσκαλεῖν,
ὁμῶς ὅσον γέ μοι γεγωνίσκειν πάρα
τλήσω· νεὰ γὰρ ἡ φρενῶν εὐθυμία
ὤτρυνέ μ'· αὐτοὶ δ', ὡς σάφ' εἰκάσαι, πέλας.

Ἀχώ, κλῦθί μου, Ἀχώ, στρ.
νυμφάων ἀγανωτάτα,
κρυπτὸν ἀέριον σκάφος
ναίουσ', ἢ χλοερὰν πλάκα
Μαίανδρου πάρ' ἀκύμονος,
βάσσας ἢ κάτ' ἰοδνεφεῖς 280
ὅπου θ' ἁ δυσέρως πάννυχ'
ἀηδὼν μέλος οἰκτρὸν
καλῶς σοι καταθρηνεῖ·
λίσσομαι, ἁβράν μοι
κούρα, φράζε συνωρίδα,
ποῦ ναίει, μάλα τῷ σῷ ἀντιστρ.
Ναρκίσσῳ δέμας ἐμφερής·
εἰ δ' ἔκρυψας ἐν ἄνθεσι
σπηλαίου τινος, ἀλλά μοι
εἶπον ποῦ ποτε, φιλτάτα 290

Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted Night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul

φεῦ δέσποιν' ὀάρου Θεὰ,
πρόφρασσ', οὐρανόπαι· κεῖς πό-
λον οὕτω μεταναστᾶσ',
Ὀλύμποιο μελάθρων
εὐκέλαδον πάσῃ
δοίης ἁρμονίᾳ χάριν.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἆρ' οἶδε τοῖον πλαστὸς ἐκ πηλοῦ βροτὸς
θυμηδὲς ἐκπνεῖν τέρψεως θείας μέλος;
ἤμην τι κείνῃ δῖόν ἐστ' ἐν καρδίᾳ,
ὄτρυνον ὁρμαῖς λαμπρόφωνον αἰθέρα 300
ταυταῖσι, κρυπτὸν ἡμιν ἀγγέλλειν μυχόν.
ἢ μαλθακῶς, πτέρυξιν αἰωρούμεναι
Σιγῆς, δι' αὐλὴν εὐφρόνης γαλήνιον,
ἴουλον εἰς γέλασμα τὸν μελάγχιμον
ὄρφνης κατεπράϋνον· ὡς ἐγὼ πάλαι
ἤκουσα Κίρκην πολλάκις τὴν μητέρα
τρισσάς θ' ὁμοῦ Σειρῆνας, ἐν χοροῖς ὅτε
ἀνθοκρόκοισι Ναΐδων τὰ φάρμακα
θυμοφθόρων τ' ἔλεξαν ἰὸν ἐκ φυτῶν·
αἳ δὴ σαγηνευθεῖσαν εὐφθόγγῳ μέλει 310

And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood. 270

LADY.

Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo

ἤταλλον ἀμβρότοισιν ἐν κόλποις φρένα·
Σκύλλη δὲ δακρύουσα, τῶν κωφῶν τὸ πρὶν
ἤνιπτε λύσσαν κυμάτων, τραχεῖά τε
Σκύλλη Χάρυβδις ἠπίως ἐπερρόθει·
ἀλλ' οὖν ἐκεῖνοι νηδύμῳ κοιμήματι
ἔθελγον, ἐκστάσει θ' ὑπέκκλεπτον γλυκεῖ
ψυχὴν ἀφ' αὕτης· ἀλλὰ τέρψεως τόσον
ἐσωτάτης ὕπαρ τε κοὐκ ὄναρ γάνος
οὔπω τὸ πρίν γ' ἔγνωκα· τήνδ' ἂν ασμενος
ἔχοιμ' ἄνασσαν. χαῖρε θαῦμ' ἀλλότριον, 320
οὔδ' ὧδ' ἐν ἀγρίοισι γεννηθὲν δρίοις,
εἰ μὴ θεά τις, βωμὸν ἄγραυλον πάρα,
Παὶ ξυνῆλθες, πρευμενές τ' ἀπεννέπεις
μέλπουσ', ὁμίχλας ἀτμίδων δυσχειμέρους
τοῦ τῆσδέ γ' ὕλης ὕψος εὐθαλὲς σχέθειν.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ἥδιστε ποιμὴν, αἶνος ἔρριπται μάτην
ἐμοῦ γ' ἐς ὦτα τῆς μάλ' ἀκούσης πεσών.
οὐ γὰρ κένον καύχημα τῆς ἐμπειρίας,
χρεία δ' ἀμήχανός με, τοῦ παλίντροπον
εὑρεῖν ἑταίρων τῶν πλανηθέντων πόδα, 330
ἠνάγκασεν προσηνὲς ὄμμ' ἀφύπνισαι

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps forestalling Night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Ἠχοῦς, ἀφ' ἁβρῶν ἀνταμείβεσθαι λεχῶν.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

τίς σ' ἡ τύχη, δέσποινα, χωρισασ' ἔχει;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

σκότος τ' ἀφεγγής, κἄνοδοι φύλλων πτυχαί.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἦ τοῦθ' ὁδηγῶν τῶν πέλας σ' ἐνόσφισε;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

καμοῦσαν ἐξέλειψαν ἐν χλωρῷ λέχει.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

διάτι; τρόπων τὸ σκαιὸν, ἢ δόλον τινα;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ζητοῦσ' ἐν ἄγκει πρευμενὲς κρήνης ὕδωρ.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

σὲ τὴν καλὴν ἐῶντες ἄφρακτον, γύναι;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

νόστον, δύω μὲν ὄντ', ἐβούλευσαν ταχύν. 340

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἡ νὺξ ἴσως φθάσασ' ἐκώλυσεν τὸ μή.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ὡς εὐχερὲς, στοχασμὸς ἐν τῷ 'μῷ κακῷ.

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?

LADY.

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἦ, πλήν γε χρείας τῆσδε, λυπηρὸν τόδε;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ὅσον γ' ἀδελφῶν ἂν στέρησις· εἴσι γάρ.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἀνδρῶν ἄρ' εἶχον μᾶλλον, ἢ παίδων ἀκμήν;

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ἄκουρα χείλη, λεῖά θ', ὡς Ἥβης θεᾶς.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἐν ᾧ 'κπονήσας ἦλθ' ὁ βοῦς ἀπ' αὔλακος,
χαλᾶ θ' ἱμᾶντας, γαπόνος τ' εὐρωτιῶν
ἔκειτο, δεῖπνον ἀμφέπων, τοίαν ἐγὼ
ξυνωρίδ' εἶδον, ἀμπέλου χλόης ὕπο 350
τῆς βοτρυώδους, ἣ λόφου παρείρπυσε
τοῦ τῆλε πλευράν· ἔδρεπον βλαστημάτων
σταφυλὰς ἀκμαίων· ὡς δ' ἔμοιγ' ἐπεικάσαι,
θεῖόν τι φάσμ' ἐπῆλθον, οἷα δαιμόνων
εἴδωλ', ἀλύπων αἰθέρος γεννημάτων,
ἃ'ν δαιδαλαῖσι ζῆν βαφαῖσιν Ἴριδος
λέγουσ', ἀτάλλειν τ' ἐν νεφῶν ὑφάσμασι.
σέβας μ' ὑπῆλθε, προσεκύνησα δ' εἰσορῶν.
εἰ δ' ἐξερευνᾶς τῶδε, σοὶ τὸ συμπονεῖν

To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low

χάρμ' οὐκ ἔλασσον ἢ τὸ πρὸς θεοὺς μολεῖν. 360

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ἄγραυλε πρόφρον, εἰς ὃν ἀγγέλλεις τόπον
ὁδὸς τίς ἂν φέροι με συντομωτάτη;

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

εὐθεῖ' ἀπ' ἄλσους τοῦδ' ἐς ἡλίου δύσεις.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

τούτων δ' ἔοικε σημάτων ἀνεύρεσις
βέλτιστε ποιμὴν, τῇδ' ἐν ἀστέρων σπάνει
τῶν γῆς ἀρίστων ἂν κυβερνητῶν τέχνης
ὑπερβαλεῖν, εἰ μή τις ἐμπείρου ποδὸς
βάσις σαφέστερ' εἰσάγοι μηνύματα.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ἐγῷδα χλωρῶν πάντας ἀτράπων στίβους,
ἄγκη, βαθείας τ' ἀγρίας ὕλης νάπας, 370
βησσῶν τε πάσας πάντοσ' εὐδένδρων πτύχας
ὡς γείτονάς μοι τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν τρίβου.
εἰ δ' ἔν γ' ὅροις τούτοισιν οἱ σοῦ πρόσπολοι
κεκευθότες μένουσιν, εἴσομαι τόδε
πρὶν ἐκθορεῖν τὴν αὔριον κοίτης ἄπο,
στρωτοῦ τε κάρφους τὴν χαμαιεύνην κόρυν.
εἰ δ' ἔξεδροι ζητοῦσί σ', ὦ δέσποιν', ἐγὼ

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

Unruffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the trav'ller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;

ἄξω σ' ἐς εὔνουν καίπερ εὐτελῆ στεγήν·
τῇδ', ἔς τ' ἂν εὑρεθῶσιν, ἀσφαλὴς μενεῖς.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ασπάζομαι τὸ ῥηθὲν, ἀστείᾳ σεθεν
τῇ πρευμενείᾳ πίστιν ἐγγυωμένη,
τῇ πολλάκις φλαυροῖσι δυσκάπνου στεγῆς
μυχοῖς ἐνούσῃ μᾶλλον, ἢ 'ν ὑφάσμασιν
αὐλῶν βασιλικῶν, ἃς ἄτ' ἐγγενῆ πάλαι
καὶ νῦν μάλιστα ψευδομυθοῦσιν φιλεῖν.
τοῦδ' οὐκ ἂν εἴη χῶρος ᾧ μείζων ἔνι
κίνδυνος· ἀσμένη τ' ἀπέλθοιμ' ἂν τόπων.
ὁρᾶτέ μ', ὦ θεοὶ, τῷ σθένει δ' ἰσόῤῥοπον
μετρεῖτέ μοι τὴν πεῖραν. ὦ ποιμὴν, πρόβα.

Τὼ 'Αδελφώ.

ΠΡΩΤΟΣ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

Φαιδρύνετ' αὐγὴν ἀμβλυωπὸν, ἀστέρες,
σύ τ', ὦ Σελήνης ὄμμα, σοὶ γὰρ ἀσμένῃ
ἦλθεν εὐχὴ τῶν ὁδῷ κεκμηκότων,
ὠχρὸν κάθες πρόσωπον, ἀργηστῶν δία
νεφῶν, μόναρχόν τ' ἐν σκότῳ τε καὶ σκιᾷ
Χάος πρόφρασσ' ἐκβίβασον ἐκ διπλοῦ θρόνου·

Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicket hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

YOUNGER BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister, 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?

ἀλλ' εἰ βέβυσται πανταχοῦ τὸ σὸν μένος
λυγρῶν ὀμιχλαῖς ἀτμίδων ἐπήλυσιν,
εἴθ' εὐμενές τι δᾳδίον, κἂν ἐξ ὀπῆς
θρυαλλὶς ᾖ τῆς οἰσύᾳ πεφραγμένης
οἴκου πινώδους, ἥμιν εὔστοχον βάλοι 400
ἀκτῖνα μακροῦ καὶ πολυῤῥύτου φάους·
καὶ τοῦτ' ἂν ἡμεῖς ἢ τὸ Κυνοσούρας Τύρου
φῶς, ἢ τὸν Ἀρκάδ' ἂν καλοῖμεν ἀστέρα.

ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ἀλλ' εἰ τοσαύτης ὄμματ' εἴργεται χαρᾶς,
εἴθ' ἡμὶν αὐλισθέντα τῶν πλεκτῶν ἀπὸ
σταθμῶν τι φωνῆς γηρύοι βοσκήματα,
ἢ τῆλε καλαμόφθογγος ἀγρότου δόναξ,
ἢ 'ξ οἰκίας συριγμὸς, ἤ τις εὐπτέροις
ἀλεκτρύων κώμαυλος ἀγγέλλων χρόνους
νυκτὸς δάμαρσι· ταῦτα γὰρ θελκτηρίου 410
παῦρόν τι, μικρὰν ἂν παραψυχὴν διδοῖ,
στειπτὸν καθ' ἕρκος τοῦτ' ἀνηρίθμων κλάδων.
ἀλλ' ὦ, πλανηθὲν τῆς μάλ' ἀθλιωτάτης
ποῦ νῦν ἀδελφῆς πάρθενον κεῖται κάρα;
ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν ἔρσης ἐννύχου, ψυχρᾶς, ἄπο
ἄλυξιν ἐν βατοῖσι κἀκάνθαις ἔχοι;

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

E. BROTHER.

Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise

ἴσως ὑπηνέμου τι πρόσκρανον λόφου
εἴληχεν, ἢ δύσκοιτον, ἔμπληκτον φόβοις
πτελέας ἔκλιν' ἐπ' ἀγρίῳ φλοιῷ δέμας.
ἆρ' ἐμμανὴς θάμβῳ τε κἀκστάσει φρενῶν, 420
ξύνοιδέ τ', ἐν τῷ ξυλλαλεῖν ἡμᾶς ἔτι
ἀσιτίας δύσοιστον ἢ θάλπους δυήν;

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

Ὠδελφὲ, σίγα· μηδ' ἄγαν ὑπέρσοφος
τρόπους ἀδήλων ξυμφορῶν ἐπεικάσῃς·
εἰ γὰρ κακ' ἔστιν, ἀλλ' ἄφαντα λανθάνει,
πῶς δεῖ τιν' αὐτῷ τὸν χρόνον προλαμβάνειν,
χὢν ἂν φύγοι μάλιστ' ἐπ' ἀσπασμὸν τρέχειν;
ἀλλ' εἰ μάταιος ἔσθ' ὁ δειματῶν φόβος,
ἆρ' οὐ τό γ' αὐτοὺς φενακίσαι, πικρὸν τόδε;
τὴν οὖν ἀδελφὴν οὐ τοσοῦτον ἐνδεῆ, 430
τοσοῦτον ἀρετῆς ἐν νόμοις ἀγράμματον
εἶναι νομίζω, τῆσδέ τ' εἰρήνης γάνους
τῆς αἰὲν ἁγνῇ ξυννόμου τῇ καρδίᾳ,
ἐγώ νιν ἐλλείπειν ποτ' οὐκ οἶμαι τόσον,
ὥστ' ἔμπεδον τὸ σχῆμ' ἀκυμάντου φρενὸς
ἀπουσίᾳ φωνῆς τε καὶ φάους μόνῃ
πτοηθὲν, εἶδος εἰς ἀεικὲς ἐμπεσεῖν,

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight—
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. BROTHER.

'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

εἴ γ' ἀσφαλὴς, ὃ δὴ πεποίθαμεν, μένει.
Ἀρετὴ γὰρ, ἰδίων λημάτων ἐπήβολος,
αὐτὴ καθ' αὑτὴν φωσφόρον νωμᾷ σέλας· 440
οὔδ' ἂν δέοιτο, καίπερ ἐν σάλου ῥοαῖς
στρωταῖσι ποντισθέντος ἡλίου φάους
ὡς καὶ σελήνης. συχνὰ γοῦν ἐρημίας
Σοφία ματεύει τὴν ἀπάνθρωπον χλιδὴν,
κἄκει τιθήνην ἀμφέπει τὴν φιλτάτην
Θεωρίαν ξύνοικον, οὔδ' ἴσχει πτερῶν
βλάστημ', ἄκοσμα δ' αὖθι καλλύνει πτίλα,
τὰ δῆτ ἐν ὀχλῶν ξυγχύσει πολυῤῥόθων
λίαν διασπασθέντα, κοὐκ ἄνευ βλάβης.
κεῖνος μὲν, ὅστις ἐν γαληνίῳ φρενὶ 450
φῶς ἔστιν αὑτῷ, γαυριῶν μεσημβρινὴν
ἧσται κατ' αὐγήν· καρδίας δ' ὅστις σκότῳ
νοῦν αἰσχρόμητιν λανθάνει διατρέφων,
ὑπ' ὀρθοκράνου νυκτίφοιτος ἡλίου
αὐτός τ' ἐν αὑτῷ δέσμιος, τρίβει βίον.

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ξύμφημι, πορφύρουσαν ὃς τρέφει φρενὰ
κεύθη μάλιστα τἀβρότων μυχῶν φιλεῖν,
ἐν οἷσι, τερπνῶν τῆλ' ἀθροισμάτων ἄπο

Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

βοᾶν τε κἀνδραν, ἅς τις ἐν ξυνεδρίῳ
ἀθῶος ἦσται. τίς γ' ἂν εὐτελοῦς στολῆς, 460
παύρων τε βίβλων, πρινίνου τε τρυβλίου,
θυῶν τ', ἔρημον ἄνδρ' ἀποστερεῖν βίᾳ,
πολιαῖς τε θρίξιν ἐγκατιλλῶψαι θέλοι;
ἀλλ' ὡς τὸ χρυσαυγὲς ἕσπερον πάλαι
τέθηλε δένδρον, τοῖον εὔμορφον δέμας·
δρακοντοφρούρου δ' ὄμματος δυσεκλύτου
σκοπῆς δέοιτ' ἂν, ὥστε τὴν βλαστῶν ἀκμὴν
καρπόν τε χειρῶν τῆς ἀσελγείας ἄπο
σώζειν θρασειῶν· καὶ σύ γ' ἂν παρ' ἐκδίκου
ἄντροισι ληστοῦ θεὶς κατασκαφῇ πάλαι 470
φιλαργύρου τὸν σῶρον, ἀσφαλῆ λέγοις,
ὅστις παραινεῖς τοῦτό μ' ἐλπίζειν τανῦν,
κίνδυνον ἀμβλυωπὸν ἔν γ' εὐκαιρίᾳ
μέλλειν ἔσεσθαι, παρθένον τ' ἐᾷν μόνην,
ἄκικυν, ἀξένοισιν ἔνθαδ' ἐν τόποις
μένειν ἀνατεί. νυκτὸς οὔδ' ἐρημίας
τὸ πᾶν ἐφρόντισ'· ἀλλὰ τάσδ' ἄμφω τινες
κυνηγετοῦσαι ξυμφοραὶ φοβοῦσί με,
μὴ τίς γ' ἐφάπτωρ χειρὶ τῇ κακοξένῳ
ἄφιλον ὁμαίμου νῶν βιάζηται δέμας. 480

E. BROTHER.

I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint Suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

Y. BROTHER.

What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity: 420
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ὠδελφὲ, τοῖον οὐ λογισμὸν εἰλόμην
ὥστ' ἀσφαλῆ γε τὴν κασιγνήτην λέγειν
γνώμῃ βεβαίᾳ· τὴν δ' ὑποψίαν ἐγὼ
ἑκὼν ἀπωθῶ τὴν στραβὸν, πρὸς δ' ἐλπίδας
ῥέπω τι μᾶλλον ἢ φόβους, τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἐπεὶ
ἀντίσταθμοι 'βράβευσαν ἐλπίδες φόβων.
ἡ δ' οὖν ὅμαιμος οὐ βοήθειας χατεῖ
ὅσον νομίζεις· κρυπτὸν ἐντρέφει σθένος,
οὗ δὴ λέλησαι.

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

κεὶς τί δὴ σθένος τόδε,
πλὴν τοῦ 'κ θεῶν δοθέντος, αἰνίσσει λόγῳ; 490

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

κἀκεῖνο συντίθημι· σημαίνω δ' ὁμῶς
σθένος τι κρυπτόν· τὸ δὲ θεοσδότον περ ὂν
ἴδιον καλοῦμεν, τὴν γὰρ Ἁγνείαν λέγω.
τὴν τοῦτ' ἔχουσαν, ἀμπέχει παντευχία·
ὡς γὰρ θεὰ, τεθηγμέν' ἥτις ἐκφέροι
βέλη φαρέτρας, ἀξένους διεκπερᾷ
πλάκας, στίβους τε ψαμμίνων ἐρημιῶν,
ὄρη τ' ἀπευκτὰ, κἀσπέτων ὑλῶν ὁδοὺς,

Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

ἐν οἷς, ἄμεμπτον εἴ τις ἁγνείαν ἔχοι,
κλοπαῖσιν οὔτις ἀγρίαις ἀκήρατον 500
τέτληκε χραίνειν παρθένευμ' ὀρειβάτης·
ἡ δ' οὖν, ἀλαζόν' ἥν γ' ἀπαρνῆται τρυφὴν,
ἄντρων δι' οὔλην πυκνότητα δασκίων
πόῤῥω τ' ἂν ἀβρότοισιν ἐν πάγων ἑδραῖς
σέβας πορεύοιτ' ἀβλαβὲς τηροῦσ' ἀεί.
φασίν γε, νυκτίφαντον οὐ κακόν ποτε
κατ' ἀτμίδας, λίμνας τε, καὶ τίφων ἕλη,
ἰσχνὰν πελιδνὰν γραῦν, ἀκοιμήτου νεκροῦ
εἴδωλον, ἀμβρότους διαῤῥῆξαν πέδας
δείλης καθ' ὥραν, οὔδ' ἀρ' ἔμπουσάν τινα, 510
οὐ γῆς κελαινὸν μόρμον' ἐντέρων ἄπο,
βλάψαι σθένειν τι τὴν ἀταύρωτον χάριν.
ἆρ' οὖν πεποίθατ'; ἢ παρ' Ἑλλάδος καλεῖν
φάτιν παλαιῶν τῶν διδαγμάτων με δεῖ,
τῇ σεμνοτίμῳ μαρτυρήσουσαν θεᾷ;
ἤμην ἔχουσα τοῦτ' ἀείφρουρον γέρας
ἄνασσα δεινὸν Ἄρτεμις θηροκτόνος
ἔνειμε τόξων ἀργυρηλάτων βέλος,
ᾧπερ λεαίνας ποικιλότριχας μόνη
βαλίας τ' ὀρεινὰς παρδάλεις ἐδάμνατο, 520

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,

ἰῶν δ' Ἔρωτος εὐτελῶν κατεφρόνει·
κείνης μὲν οὖν βαρεῖαν ὀφρύαν θεοὶ
βροτοί τ' ἔδεισαν, καὶ ναπῶν ἐκοιράνει.
τί δ' ἦν τὸ Γοργόνειον ἀδμήτου κόρης
σάκος, δρακοντόμαλλον ἔμφρονος πάλαι
φόρημ' Ἀθήνης, ᾧ 'κράτει τῶν δυσμενῶν
κρυσταλλοπῆγι πετρίνῃ μεταλλαγῇ,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κεδνὸν ὄμμ', ἀμείδητον σέβας,
μεγαλοπρεπές τε σχῆμα, θηρείῳ βιᾷ
ἔνσειον αἴδεσίν τε κἄπορον δέος; 530
τόσον δὲ καὶ φιλοῦσιν ἁγνείαν θεοί,
ὥστ', εἰ τὸ δῶρον νητρεκῶς κεκτημένην
ψυχήν τιν' εὗρον, μυρίους δουλοπρεπεῖ
πέμπουσι θητεύσοντας ἀγγέλους στολῇ,
ἀλιτρίας τε πάντ' ἀπώσοντας τύπον·
τρανεῖ δὲ σεμνῶν φασμάτων ἐνυπνίῳ
φωνοῦσ', ἃ φαύλοις ὦσιν οὐκ ἔστιν κλύειν·
τέλος δὲ, συχνὴ δαιμόνων ὁμιλία
καὶ τοῦθ' ὁρατὸν ἤρξατ' αὐγάζειν δέμας,
φρενῶν ἄχραντον τέμενος, ἔς τ' ἂν οἷ φύσιν 540
ψυχῆς βροτείας ἀντὶ τῆς μορφῆς δίδῳ,
κἄφθαρτον ᾗ τὸ πᾶν. τὸ δ' αὖθις εἴποτε

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

E. BROTHER.

List, list, I hear 480

βολαῖς ἀναιδῶν ἵμερος παρ' ὀμμάτων,
χειρονομίαις μαχλοῖσι, κἀσελγεῖ λόγῳ,
μάλιστα δ' αἰσχρῶν ἀφθόνοις ἔργων τρόποις
μίασμ' ἔνοικον εἰσάγει τῇ καρδίᾳ,
τότε δυσομίλῳ ξυμπαγεῖσα τῇ νόσῳ
κεῖς σῶμα θηρόμικτον ἀλλαχθεῖσ' ὁλῶς,
ψυχὴ παλαιὰν θειότητ' ἀπώλεσε.
τύμβοισι τοία καὶ δυσευρέτοις ἔνι 550
θήκαις, παχεῖα φασμάτων λυγρῶν ἰκμὰς
χρονία παρῆσται τῷ νεοσκαφεῖ τάφῳ·
ὡς δὴτ' ἂν ἄκουσ' εὐφιλὲς λείποι δέμας
ὃ καὶ μάλ' αἰσχρῷ καὶ χαμαιπετεῖ βίῳ
αὐτὴ ξυνῆψε, δυσκλεῆ τρυφὴν δία.

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

φιλοσοφία θεόρτος, ὡς τερπνὸν τόδε.
οὐ δὴ, ματαίοις οἷα τοῖς μώροις δοκεῖ,
σκληρά τε καὶ τραχεῖα, τῇ δὲ Λοξίου
μελῳδίᾳ φόρμιγγος ἐξισουμένη,
ἀείρυτόν τι νέκταρ εὐθοίνου χλιδῆς, 560
ὠμῆς ἄτερθε κραιπάλης.

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ἄκουε σύ.

Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?

E. BROTHER.

For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again, and near:
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. BROTHER.

I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause; and Heav'n be for us.

[*The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.*]

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak; 490
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

τῆλ', εὔδιον δι' αἰθέρ', ᾐσθόμην βοῆς.

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

κἄμοιγ' ἔδοξε· φράζε μοι, πόθεν τόδε;

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

δῆλός τις ἢ τῆς νυκτὸς, ὡς ἡμεῖς, πλάνης,
ἢ γειτόνων ὑλουργὸς, ἢ λῃστὴς (τόδ' ἂν
κάκιστον εἴη) ξυμμάχων λόχον καλῶν.

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ῥύσασθ' ἀδελφὴν, ὦ θεοί. κἄτ' αὖθις αὖ,
κἀγγύς· ξιφουλκῷ χρὴ φυλάσσεσθαι χερί.

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

πάρεστ' ἀϋτεῖν· εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἔρχεται φίλος,
ἀσπαστός· εἰ δὲ μὴ, τὸ σώζεσθαι βλαβῆς 570
καλόν τι πρόβλημ'· ὁ δὲ παραστατοῖ θεός.

Δαίμων Φύλαξ.

εὔγνωστον εἰσήκουσα τὴν φωνήν· τίς εἶ;
φράσον σύ· μήδ' ἔγγιζε· πρὸς κάμαξι γὰρ
πεσεῖ σιδήρου.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

ποῖον ἦν τὸ φθέγμα μοι;
οὔκουν ὁ δεσπότισκος; ἐξαύδα πάλιν.

Y. BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

E. BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale;
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my virgin Lady, where is she?

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ὠδελφὲ, ποιμὴν δῆλος ἐσθ' ὁ τοῦ πατρός.

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ἦ Θύρσις; ὅσπερ δαιδάλῳ μέλει θαμὰ
ἔπαυσε καχλάζουσαν ἐν λίθοις ῥοὰν
ὠδῆς ἀκούειν, ἡδύπνουν ἐν ἄγκεσι
ῥόδον τιθεὶς ἕκαστον; ἀλλ', ὦ βουκόλων 580
ἄριστε, πῶς ἐπῆλθες; ἆρ' ὑπεξέδυ
κριὸς μεσαύλου, ἢ νεαγενὴς τρόφου
ἀπεπλανήθη νεβρὸς, ἤ τις ἔξεδρος
σηκασθὲν ἐξέλειψε ποίμνιον κτίλος;
πῶς δῆτ' ἀμαυρὸν ἔκτοπόν θ' εὗρες μυχόν;

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

ὦ φιλτάτου 'πίκληρε τοῦ 'μοῦ δεσπότου,
σὺ δ' αὖτε, χάρμα δεύτερον ταὐτοῦ πατρὸς,
οὐ δῆτα λῆρον παιγνίου σκοπούμενος
ἥκω τοσοῦτον, οἷον ἦν πλαγχθεῖσ' ὀΐς·
οὔδ' αὖ τιν' ἄγραν κλεπτικῶν μετέρχομαι 590
λύκων· ὁ γάρ μοι πέδια πλουτίζων τάδε
εὔμαλλος οὔδ' ἂν εἰσάπαξ ὄλβος μέλοι,
πρὸς τήνδε πομπὴν, φροντίδας θ' ἃς νῦν τρέφω.
ποίαν γὰρ ἥ μου καλλικρήδεμνος τυχὴν

How chance she is not in your company?

E. BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPIRIT.

Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance),
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born,—great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;

ἄπεστι ταύτης δεσπότις ξυνουσίας;

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ὦ βουκόλ', ἀλγῶν καιπὲρ ἀψεγὴς λέγω·
ὁδοῦ 'πλανήθη, νῷν φυλασσόντων, ὁμῶς.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

ἆρ' ὀρθομάντεις οἱ φόβοι; τάλας ἐγώ.

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

πῶς οὖν, φίλιστε Θύρσις; εἰπὲ συντόμως.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

φράσω τάδ'· οὐ ψευδὲς γὰρ, οὔδε μυθικὸν, 600
κἂν εἰ ματαίᾳ τοῦτ' ἀϊδρίᾳ δοκῇ,
ὃ συχν' ἀοιδοὶ, πανσόφῳ σεμνοὶ φρενὶ,
ἀγηράτῳ πυργωθὲν ἐν μολπῇ πάλαι
Μουσῶν ἔλεξαν τῶν θεοσσύτων πάρα·
φαντάσματ' αἰνὰ, μορμόσιν τ' ἐπίδρομοι
νῆσοι, κεχηνότων τε φωλεῶν στόμα
εἰς Ταρταρείους ἐγκαθειμένων δόμους·
ἔστιν τάδ', ἔστιν· ἡ δ' ἀπιστία, τυφλόν.
Ὕλης ἔσωθεν ὀμφάλου τῆς ἀγρίας
κυπαρισσίνοισι σκότιος ἐν φραγμοῖς γόης 610
ὁ Κῶμος, οὐκ Βάκχου τε καὶ Κίρκης μέγας
γόνος, πολεύει· κάρτα δ' ἐν μαγεύμασι

And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb

μητρὸς δαήμων, διψίοις ἑκάστοτε
ποτῆρ' ὁδίταις, δολοφόνῳ σαίνων τέχνῃ,
ὀλέθριον δίδωσι, συμπεφυρμένον
πολλαῖς ἐπῳδαῖς· οὗ τὸ θυμηδὲς γάνος
ὁλῶς τὰ τοῦ πίνοντος ἀλλάσσει ῥέθη,
ἀνθ' ὧν τίθησι δυσκλεῆ θηρός τινος
τὴν εἴκον', ἐγχαραχθὲν ἄμβλυνον τὸ νοῦ
θνητῷ 'ν προσώπῳ κόμμα. τῶνδ' ἐπῃσθόμην 620
ποίμνας νομεύων ἐν γεωλοφοις πέλας
τοῖς ἡμένῃ τῇδ', ὀφρύος δίκην, νάπῃ
ὑπερταθεῖσιν· ἔνθαδ', εὖτ' ἀναστρέφει
ἡ νὺξ ἑκάστοτ', αὐτὸς αἴσχιστοί θ' ὁμοῦ
ὄχλοι γεγωνίσκουσιν ὠρυθμὸν, λύκων
τρόπον κατ' ἄντρ', ἢ τιγρίδων πληρῶν βορᾶς.
οἱ δ' οὖν ἐσωτάτοισι τῶν σπεῶν ἐνὶ
μύχοις ἀφεγγῶν, τῶν καταπτύστων θεᾷ
ῥέζουσιν Ἑκάτῃ προσφορὰν μυστηρίων·
πολλὴν δὲ πρὸς τοῖσδ' αἰόλων σοφισμάτων 630
ἴυγγ' ἐφεῦρον, ἥτις ἄσκοπον στίβων
τούτων ἀπείροις ἂν σαγηνεύσαι φρενά.
δείλης βαθείας, εὖτ' ἀπ' εὐόδμου χλοῆς
ἔδρεψαν ἤδη δεῖπνον ἐν πολυδρόσῳ

Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rustic minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul

λειμῶνι ποίμναι, κἀν σταθμῷ ξυνήεσαν,
ἔγωγ' ἐς ὄχθον ὕψοθεν κισσοστεφῆ,
ἐρπυλλίνοις ὄζοισι συμπεπλεγμένον,
ἐκλινόμην ἄϋπνος· ἠρξάμην δέ πως,
τερπνῇ κρεμασθεὶς ἐν κατηφείᾳ φρενῶν
ἀφελεῖ σχολάζειν, οἷα βουκόλος, μέλει, 640
μέσφ' οὗ 'κορέσθην τοῦτο δρῶν· πρὶν δ' εἰς τέλος
ἐλθεῖν, καθ' ὕλην θόρυβος ὡς πάλαι γεγὼς
ἀμουσίᾳ 'μέστωσε βαρβάρῳ πόλον·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεῖχον, σμικρὸν ἀκροώμενος·
ἔπειτ' ἀήθης παῦλα, σιγώντων ἄφνω,
λωφᾶν ἔδωχ' ἵπποισιν, οἱ νωθροῖς ἀεὶ
πτερῶν ἐρετμοῖς, σύσκιον καλύμμασι
στρωμνὴν ἄγουσι τὴν Ὕπνου· τέλος δέ με
σεμναῖς κλυόντα μαλθακὸν μέλος πνοαῖς
οἶος κρυφαίων ἔκκριτος μυρωμάτων 650
ὑπῆλθεν ἀτμὸς, κεἰς τὸν ἀέρ' εἰσέδυ·
Σιγὴ δὲ φωραθεῖσα, τὴν αὐτῆς φύσιν
ἔμελλ' ἀπειπεῖν, καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν εἰσαεὶ
τοίῳ γ' ὑπείκειν διαδόχῳ νικωμένη.
ἔγωγ' ἐν ὠσὶν ἦν ἅπας· μελῳδίαν
ἤφυσσον, ἡ ψυχὴν ἂν ἐν πλευραῖς φύειν

Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And: "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
"How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place, 570
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

θανάτου δύναιτο· κάρτα δ' ἐν βραχεῖ χρόνῳ
ὑμῶν, ἀδελφοὶ, τῆς φίλης ὁμοσπόρου,
σεμνῆς τέ μου κάτοιδα δεσποίνης ὄπα.
ἔστην δὲ θαμβῶν, ἐμφόβοις ἀλγήμασι 660
θυμὸν σπαραχθείς. "δυστυχὴς ἀηδονὶς,
τάλαιν'," ἐφρόντισ' "ὡς μάλ' εὐτερπὲς μέλος
ᾄδεις, βαρειῶν ὡς μάλ' ἀρκύων πέλας."
ἔπειτα πρηνεῖ λείμακας διέδραμον
σπουδῇ, δι' οἴμας καὶ περιπτυχὰς ὁδῶν
καθ' ἡμέραν τὰς πολλάκ' ἐστιβημένας·
τόπος δέ μοι, δείξαντος ὧτος, ηὑρέθη,
ἐν ᾧ γόης ὁδ' οὐπάρατος, αἱμύλῳ
κρυφθεὶς προσώπῳ (τοῦτο σήμασιν τοροῖς
ἔγνωκα) τὴν ἄμωμον, ἄφρακτον κόρην 670
ἣν ηὔχετ' ἄγραν, ἔφθασ' ἀντίος λαβὼν,
πρὶν ἐμὲ ταχίστῳ τοῦτο κωλῦσαι δρόμῳ·
πρᾴως δ' ἀνηρώτησεν, εἰ ζεῦγός ποτε
τοιοῦτον εἶδε, γείτον' ἄγραυλόν τέ νιν
εἶναι νομίζουσ'. οὐκ ἔτλην περαιτέρω
μένειν, ξυνωρίδ' εὐχερῶς ἐπεικάσας
ὑμᾶς πέφρασθαι· κεὐθὺς ἅλμασιν λαβροῖς
ᾔξας, ἐφεῦρον ὧδε· πάντ' ἔχεις λόγον.

Y. BROTHER.

O Night and Shades, 580
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

E. BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of Malice or of Sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm;
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 590
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed; if this fail,

ΔΕΥΤ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ὦ νὺξ σκιαί τε, πῶς ἄρ' ἔστε τριπτύχῳ
ὑμεῖς ξὺν Ἅιδῃ ξύνδετοι καθάμματι, 680
μίᾳ τ', ἀτευχεῖ, κἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ μόνῃ
ἐναντιοῦσθε παρθένῳ· τίς ἥδε νῦν
ὠδελφὲ, πίστις ἣν ἐμοὶ κατηγγυᾶς;

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

ἤμην πεποιθὼς τήνδ' ἔτ' ἀσφαλὴς ἔχω.
οὔδ' ἓν τὸ ῥῆμα τοὐπ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἀρνήσιμον.
πρὸς οὖν ἀπειλὰς ἔμπεδον τηρῶ τόδε
ἐχθρῶν ἐπωδῶν, ἥν τ' ἀλύοντες βροτοὶ
Τυχὴν καλοῦσιν· οὐκ ἀπρόσβατον πέλειν
Ἀρετὴν, ἀδήλητον δέ· κἀνόμῳ βίᾳ
αἰφνίδιον ὡς ἐπίβατον, οὐχ ἁλώσιμον. 690
καὶ τοῦθ', ὁ πλείστην ὕβρις ἤλπισεν βλαβὴν,
κλέος μέγιστον εὐτυχῶς κριθήσεται·
τὸ δ' αὖ κακὸν, πρὸς αὑτὸ παλίνορσον, δίχα
ἐν τῷ μεταῦθις τοῦ καλοῦ γενήσεται·
τέλος δ', ὑφίζανόν τε, κἀν αὑτῷ μόνῳ
οἷοσπερ ἀφρὸς ξυγχυθὲν, μεταλλαγῆς
στρόβους ἀτρύτους, ἀφθίτους, βόσκημά τε
φθοράν θ' ἑαυτῷ πορσυνεῖ· τάδ' εἴ ποτε

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n 600
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas, good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
For other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

λείψει, πόλου τε σαπρόν εἰσ' αἱ κίονες,
ἐν κάρφεσίν τε γῆς τὰ βάθρ' ἐρείδεται. 700
ἀλλ' ἡμὶν ἰτέον. πρὸς μὲν ἀνταίαν θεῶν
βουλὴν κράτος τε, μήποτ' ἀρθείη ξίφος
τόδ' ἔνδικόν μοι· τὸν δ' ἀπεύχετον μάγον
στίχας περιβληθέντα φρικώδεις, ὅσας
ὑπ' αἰθαλούντων σημάτων ξυνήγαγεν
Ἀχέρων ποθ', Ἅρπυίας τε, σύν θ' Ὕδραις ὅσα
Ἰνδῶν ἀπ' αἴας εἰς Λιβυστικὴν δάκη
πελώρι' ἐστιν—ἐξερευνήσω γ' ὁμῶς·
τὴν δ' ἐμπολήν νιν εἰκάθειν ἀναγκάσω,
ἢ βοστρύχων ἀγρευτὸν ἁρπάξω κακοῦ 710
εἰς κῆρα θανάτου· τοῖός ἐστι χώ βίος.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

φεῦ. νεανία γενναῖε, τολμήεις, ὁμῶς
τὴν σὴν ἀδείαν καὶ προθυμίαν φιλῶ·
μικρὸν δὲ σοὶ νῦν τὠφέλημα τοῦ ξίφους·
οὐ ταῦτα τεύχη δεῖ σε καὶ βέλη φέρειν
παύσοντ' ἐπωδῶν τῶν ἀπορρήτων μένος·
ψιλὴ γὰρ αὐτοῦ ῥαβδὸς ἄρθρα σοὶ μελῶν
ἐκπηνιεῖται, νεῦρα συνθραύων ὁμοῦ.

E. BROTHER.

Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray:
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

πρὸς θεῶν, διηγοῦ πῶς ἔτλης, ὦ βουκόλε,
αὐτὸς πελάζειν ὥστε ταῦτ' ἔχειν φράσαι; 720

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

τὸ μηχανᾶσθαι πάντα, καὶ κῆδος πολὺ
τοῦ πῶς ἂν ἐκσώσαιμι τὴν κόρην λόχων,
ἐμοὶ βοτῆρα παῖδ' ὑπέμνησέν τινα,
ὃς εὐτελὴς τὴν ὄψιν, ἔμπειρος δ' ὁμῶς
φυτῶν τε χρηστῶν καὶ πόας ἀκεσφόρου
ὅση 'ριθηλὲς φυλλὸν εἰς ἑωθινὴν
ἀκτῖν' ἐπῇρε· κἀμ' ἐν εὐνοίᾳ τρέφων
ᾔτει τιν' ὠδὴν πολλάκις, χόρτου δ' ἔπι
ἁβροῦ καθίζων, εἰς ὑπερβολὴν χαρᾶς
προσεῖχεν ὦτα· κἀντιδωρεῖσθαι θέλων 730
ἤνωξέ μοί τι βύρσινον βαλλάντιον,
κἄδειξ' ὀνόμασι μυρίοις ἀκέσματα,
λέγων ἀήθεις εὐθέτους τε τὰς φύσεις.
ἐκ τῶνδε μικρὸν ἐξέλεξε ῥίζιον,
ἀεικὲς, ἐν δ' ἔργοισι τοῖς θεοῖς ἴσον·
μέλαν τι φυλλὸν εἶχ', ἀκανθῶδες μάλα·
φύειν δ' ὅδ' εἶπεν, ἀλλαχοῦ κοὐκ ἔνθαδε,
ἄνθος τι χρυσανταυγὲς, ἄγνωστόν γε μὴν

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp, 640
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when you go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,

ἀφανές θ', ὃ δὴ βάναυσος ἀρβύλαις βοτὴρ
γομφουμέναισι λὰξ καθ' ἡμέραν πατεῖ· 740
ὁμῶς δὲ κρεῖττον ἔστι φάρμακον κακῶν
ἢ μῶλυ, παιδὶ Λαρτίου τῷ πανσόφῳ
πάλαι παρ' Ἑρμοῦ δῶρον· Αἰμονίαν ὁ παῖς
ἔκληζε, κἀμοὶ 'δῶκε, καὶ παρῄνεσε
σῶσαι, κράτιστον φάρμακον φθορᾶς ἔπι
σίτου, 'ρυσίβης, ἰκμάδος, κἀρινύων
φρίκην βλεπουσῶν, καὶ μαγευτικῶν δόλων.
ἀποθεὶς δ' ἐγὼ παρ' οὐδὲν ἡγούμην τόδε·
τέλος δ', ἀνάγκῃ τῶνδ' ἐποτρυνθεὶς κακῶν
ἄληθες εὗρον· τὸν γὰρ ἀνόσιον μάγον 750
πρόσωπον ἐνδεδυκότ' ἐξέκριν' ὁμῶς,
αὐτὴν δ' ἀθῶος ὧν ἔχει τεχνημάτων
ὑσπλῆγγ' ἐσῆλθον. τοῦτ' ἔχων ἐμοῦ πάρα
εἰς τοῦ γοήτος ἂν πέσοις εὐκαρδίως
αὐλήν, ἐκεῖ δ' εὑρών νιν, εὐψύχῳ θράσει
παλτῇ τε λοχμῇ 'πίσσυτος, ποτῆρά θ' οἳ
ῥῆξον, χάμαι τε πῶμ' ἀπόῤῥιψον γλυκὺ,
ῥαβδοῦ τε δρᾶξαι· κἂν δυσορνίθων μέτα
πληθῶν ἀπειλὰς παμμάχου κομπάσματος
ἐπεμβάλῃ, καὶ καπνὸν Ἡφαίστου τρόπον 760
παίδων δύσοσμον, δραπέτην αὐτοῦ ποδὰ

Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

E. BROTHER.

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was.
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?

τρέψαντος, ἐκφεύξουσι λαιψηρῷ δρόμῳ.

ΠΡΩ. ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ.

Θύρσις, προηγοῦ· χἠμὶν ἑπομένοισί σοι
δαίμων τις ἀσπίδ' εὐμενεῖ προὔχοι χερί.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

Ἄγ' οὖν, γύναι, καθῆσο· τήνδε γὰρ μόνον
ῥαβδὸν προσείων, νεῦρά σοι δεσμώμασι
δάμεντα πετρινοῖσι, καὶ θήσω δέμας
ὥσπερ κολοσσὸν, ἢ 'μποδισθὲν ἄμμασι
ῥιζῶν, φυγοῦσ' ὡς Φοῖβον ἦν Δάφνη ποτε.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

μὴ ταῦτα, μωρὲ, κομπάσῃς· ἐλευθέρων 770
οὐκ ἂν φρενῶν ἅψαιο καὶ πάσῃ τεχνῇ,
καίπερ βρότειον δέρμα σώματος τόδε
τανῦν πεδήσας, τοῖς θεοῖς δεδογμένον.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

τί δὴ ξύνοφρυς τοῖσιδ' ἀλγύνει, κόρη;

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd;
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,

οὐ στυγνὸν ἔνθαδ' ὄμμα τῆς ὀργῆς πάρα,
πυλῶν δὲ λύπη φροῦδος ἐκ τούτων πάλαι.
ἰδοὺ, πάρεστιν ἡδονῶν τὰ πάνθ', ὅσα
ὁρμὴ νεανικῶν ἂν ἐκφύοι φρενῶν
φαντάσμασι ξύνοικος, ἥνιχ' αἵματος
ἀναπτεροῦται καὶ παλισσύτῳ μένος 780
ῥοπῇ καταῤῥεῖ, λεπτὸν ὡς βλαστημάτων
τὰ πρωτολεῖα, κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν*.
ὅρα δὲ πρῶτον πῶμα βιόδωρον τόδε·
σκιρτῶν, φλογωπὸν, ὑαλίνοις ἐν τέρμασι,
γλυκεῖ τ' ἀώτῳ βαλσάμου κεκραμένον
λάβοις ἂν, εὐόδμῳ τε μελικράτων γάνει
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὃ δῶρον εἶλ' ἐν Αἰγύπτου χθονὶ
Ἑλένη πάλαι Νηπενθὲς ἡ Διὸς κόρη,
Θῶνος τυχοῦσα τῆς ξυναόρου πάρα,
δίψης ἀναψυκτῆρα, θέλγητρον φρενῶν, 790
βροτῶν τοσοῦτο θυμὸν εὐφραίνειν ἔχει.
σαυτῆς τί γοῦν ἐς μαλθακὸν δέμας τόδε
ἀπηγρίωσαι, τοὐπὶ πρευμενεῖς τρόπους
πορισθὲν, ἁβρᾶς δεόμενον φύσει τρυφῆς;
σὺ πίστεως μὲν, ἣν ἔχεις θεᾶς πάρα
διαστρέφεις τὰ σύμβολ', οἷα δ' ἐκνόμως

* Æsch. *Agam.* 1392.

With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor, 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not touch thy treas'nous offer; none

ἔχρησατ' εἴ τις, ταῦτα λυμαίνει βλαβῇ
τά γ' οὐ 'πὶ τοίᾳ ξυμβάσει δοθέντα σοι.
κοινὸν δὲ θνητῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων νόμον
παρ' οὐδὲν ἡγεῖ, τὸν δίδοντ' ἀναψυχὴν 800
πόνου διαδόχον, κἀνάπαυσιν ἀλγέων,
τοῖς λιμόθνησιν ἐν κόπῳ πανημέρῳ
παύλης ἄτερθε καιρίας· τούτου δ' ὕπο
τὰ πάντα, διὰ παρθένων, λήψει πάλιν.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ τἄληθές γε κἄχραντον φρενῶν
ἃ ψευδόφημος ἤλασας γλώσσης ἄπο,
κάκιστε προδοτῶν. ἆρ' ὁ προύννεπες τόδε
τὠκίδιον καὶ δῶμ' ἀκίνδυνον πάρα;
τί δ' ἂν σκυθρωπῶν ὄμμα κνωδάλων τόδε
εἴη δυσειδές; θεῶν τύχοιμ' οἰκτιρμόνων· 810
ἔρρ', ὦ πανοῦργε, πωμάτων μαγεύμασιν·
ἆρ' εὐπροσώπων παρατροπαῖς δολωμάτων
τὴν ἀβλαβῆ με, τὴν μάλ' εὐπιθῆ, προδοὺς,
νῦν οἷον αἰσχραῖς θῆρ' ἂν ἡδοναῖς ἄγοι
δέλεαρ προτείνεις, δευτέροις ἀγρεύμασι;
κἂν εἰ τόδ' εὐθοίνοισιν ἐν τοῖσιν θεῶν
Ἥρᾳ πρέποι δειπνοῖσιν, οὐδ' ἂν ὡς κακὸν

But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To these budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might

λάβοιμι δῶρον, ᾧ με ποιμαίνεις πάλαι.
μόνων τὰ χρηστὰ γίγνεται χρηστῶν ἄπο·
τὰ δ' ἀλλὰ θυμὸν τῶν σοφῶν οὐ προσγελᾷ. 820

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

φεῦ· πόσην ὀφλισκάνουσι μωρίαν βροτοὶ,
οἳ δῆτα σεμνῶν τῆς Στοᾶς διδασκάλων
κλύουσι, τῶν τὴν χλαῖναν· ἐξαντλοῦσι δὲ
πίθου τὰ θεσμὰ τοῦ Σινωπιτοῦ κυνὸς,
ἀεὶ τὸ Σῶφρον ἐν λόγοις αἰδούμενοι,
τὴν ὠχριῶσαν κἀκτετηκυῖαν θεόν.
τί γὰρ πρόθυμος ἀφθόνοις χερσὶν Φύσις
ἐπλούτισ' ἡμᾶς, ὥστε γῆν εὐωδέσι
καρποῖσι καὶ βοτοῖσι πανταχῇ βρύειν,
γέμειν δὲ πόντον ἰχθύων ἀνηρίθμου 830
σπορᾶς—τί ταῦτα πλὴν ἐπ' εὐτερπεῖ κόρῳ
ψυχῆς ἔθηκε, πόλλ' ἀεὶ θηρωμένης;
πρὸς τοῖσδε, μυρί' ἑρπετῶν γένη τάδε
κλώθειν ἔταξε, ταῦτα δ' ἐν χλωρῷ μυχῷ
πονοῦνθ' ὑφαίνει τῆς χυοαζούσης ἁβρὸν
πήνης ἄωτον, ἣν ἐπαμπέχει βροτοῖς·
ὅπως δὲ πᾶς τις ὧν ἐγέννησεν καλῶν
τόπος μεθέξει, ᾽κρυψε παμφόρβου γέρας

Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear streams, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,

χρυσοῦ παρ' αὐτῇ κοιλογαστόρων ἐνὶ
σπλάγχνων πτυχαῖσιν ἐντιθεῖσα, καὶ λίθων 840
αὐγὰς ἀγαστῶν, οἷς τὰ τέκν' ἀγάλλεται.
ὥστ' εἴ γε σώφρονάς ποτ' ἐκπαγλούμενοι
τρόπους, ἔτνος τι, σῖτον ὡς, πάντες βροτοὶ
καὶ πῶμ' ἀχράντων αἰνέσουσι ναμάτων,
τριβωνίοις χαίροντες, αὐχμώδει στολῇ,
ἐν τῷδ' ὁ πάντων ἡμὶν αἴτιος καλῶν
τὴν ἀντίμισθον χάριν ἀφαιρεθήσεται,
δόξαν τε τὴν πρίν· ὧν δ' ἔχει κειμηλίων
οὐδ' ἥμισυ γνόντες ποθ', ὡς φαύλων τινων
ὑπερφρονήσουσ' αἱ τότ' ἀνθρώπων γοναὶ, 850
αὐτῷ δὲ δουλεύσουσιν ὡς πικρῷ τινι
τὸν πλοῦτον ἀμφέποντι φειδωλῷ χερὶ,
οὐ γνησία νοθὴ δὲ τῆς Φυσέως τροφή.
αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὑτῆς τοῦ βάρους ἡσσημένη
ἀργοῦ τε καρπῶν πλησμονῆς, πνίγους δίκην,
φθαρήσεται· χθὼν οὔκετ' ἀρκέσει φυτοῖς,
τὸ σύντροφον δὲ φῶς πολυπτέρου σκιᾶς
ἀὴρ ἀμείψει, ποιμένας δὲ ποίμνια
βλάψει περισσεύοντα· πρὸς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἔτι
θάλασσ' ὑπερβαλοῦσ' ἀπ' ἀγνώστου βάθους 860

And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts and feasts and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,

νώτοισιν ἀστράπτοντ' ἐπιστρώσει λίθων
φαεννὰ θαύμαθ', ὥστε τοὺς ἀεὶ κάτω
δύσοιστον αὐγὴν ἐκμαθεῖν εἰωθότας,
Φοῖβόν τ' ἀναιδῶν προσβλέπειν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων.
πρὸς ταῦτα μή σε παρθενεύματος, κόρη,
ψευδήγορον καύχημα προσγελᾷν δοκῇ·
ἔστιν τὸ κάλλος, ἔστι, τῶν θεῶν ἄπο
βροτοῖς χάραγμα κοινὸν, οὔδ' ἄλλων ἄτερ
ἀποθέμενός τις ὡς ἔδει καρπώσεται,
πικρὰν μόνωσιν ἀντὶ τῆς ξυνοῦ χαρᾶς. 870
οἷον γὰρ ἁβρὼν εὐθαλὲς ῥοδῶν γάνος
ἀπερρύη, τοιοῦτος ἀκμάζων χρόνος
λαθὼν ἀπῴχεθ'· ἡ γὰρ ὡραία χάρις
φύσεως ἀριστεῖ', ἔν τε τῇδ' ἀγάλλεται
πρέπει δ' ἑορτῶν βασιλικῶν ὁμιλίαις,
ὅπου τις ἂν μάλιστα προσδρακεῖν ἔχῃ.
τἄγροικον οἴκοι, κάρτ' ἐπώνυμον, μένοι·
βάναυσος εἴη, καὶ σκυθραῖς ἅτ' ἐργάτις
δυσχρὼς παρείαις, ἥτις οἰκουρῷ φρενὶ
κλώθειν πέφυκ', εἰροκόμον ἀσκῆσαι χερά· 880
οὐ δῆτ' ἔρωτος αἵ τ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βολαὶ,
χάρις τε χειλέων εὐβαφὴς, καὶ βόστρυχοι

Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advised: you are but young yet.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in Reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;

ἀκτῖσιν ἠφαῖσιν ἐξισούμεναι,
οὐ τοῖσδ' ἐπ' ἔργοις τοιάδ' ἦν δωρήματα·
ἄγ' οὖν, διδάσκου, πρίν τι γηράσκειν, τάδε.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ.

οὐχ εἱλόμην ἂν, οὐ, καταπτύστῳ 'ν τόπῳ,
εἰ μὴ τὸ σιγᾶν· ὁ δὲ γοητείᾳ φρένας,
τῶν ὀμμάτων γὰρ οὐ μέλει, παρεκτρέπειν
ἔμελλ' ἀλαζὼν, ξυμπλάσας εὐσχημόνως
τὸ ψεῦδος· ἔχθιστον δέ μοι πάντων τόδε, 890
λαλεῖν τὸ φαῦλον, τἀγαθὸν φωνὴν στέγειν.
μή μοι, δόλοφρον, τὴν Φύσιν, κεδνὴν θεὰν,
τλῇς ὧδ' ἀσελγῶν, οἷς τὰ δῶρ' ἀπώλεσε
διαστρέφων τις, αἰτιάσασθαι τρόπων·
ἥτις μόνοισι τοῖσι σωφρόνων νόμων
τῆς ἐγκρατείας εὐσεβῶν θ' ὑπηκόοις,
καλῶς προβουλεύουσα, πορσύνει τροφήν.
εἶθ' ὤφελεν γὰρ πᾶς τις, ὃς πτωχὸς στένει
δίκαια τηρῶν, ὧν ὑπερκόπος χλιδὴ
παύροις ἐπεγχεῖ, μετρίας μοίρας τυχεῖν· 900
ὡς ἦν ἂν εὐάρμοστα τοῦ θεοῦ γέρα
λαχεῖν ἕκαστον, διανέμοντος ἀφθόνως.
ὁ δ' αὖ λατρείας τῆς προσηκούσης τότε

And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,

οὐχ, ὡς τὰ νῦν, ἥμαρτ' ἄν· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως
θοιναῖσι γαστρίμαργος ἀπλήστοις μέτα
θεοῦ φροντιεῖ τις τοῦ τὸ πᾶν δεδωκότος.
ἀλλ' αἰσχροποιὸς καὶ φρενῶν κεκομμένος*
δείπνοις ἐν αὐτοῖς τὸν πορόντα λοιδορεῖ.
τόσ' οὖν λελέχθω· τοῖσδε δ' ὃς τὸ Παρθένον
ἔτλη, τὸ θεῖον ἠμφιεσμένον σέλας, 910
γλώσσης βεβήλου κερτόμοις ὀνείδεσι
βαλεῖν ἀναιδὴς, ἀσμένη πρὸς τοῦτον ἂν
μῦθόν τιν' ἐντείναιμ' ἄπρακτος οὖσ' ὅμως.
σὲ γὰρ, τὸν ἄψυχόν τε καὶ κωφὸν, λέγω,
τὸν οὐκ ἔχοντα τὴν ἀνυμφεύτῳ 'ν βίῳ
σοφίαν ἐνοῦσαν εἰσιδεῖν, πολλοῦ γε δεῖ·
σέμν' ἐστι ταῦτ', οὐδ' ἔστιν ἀμυήτοις μαθεῖν
θεσμῶν κρυφαίους ὑψιγεννήτων λόγους.
στέρξον φυλάσσων ἃ 'λαβες· τοῖος γὰρ εἶ.
ὄναιο δῆτα τῆς φίλης γλωσσαλγίας, 920
καὶ κομψότητος λογομάχων σοφισμάτων,
οὐδ' ὡς ἐλεγχθησόμενος· οὐ γὰρ ἄξιος.
εἰ δ' ἤθελόν ποθ', ἥδ' ἐμὴ πυριφλεγεῖ
ἀγῶνος ὀτρυνθεῖσα τηλικοῦ βίᾳ
φρὴν εἰς τόσονδε σφοδρότητος ἦλθεν ἂν

* Æsch. *Agam.* 479.

That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

She fables not; I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
But this will cure all straight: one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

θεοσσύτοις ὁρμαῖσιν, ὥστ' αἴνου τυχεῖν
κἀκ τῶν ἀφώνων, παράνομον κινουμένων·
καί μοι ξύνεργος γαῖ', ἀναίσθητος τὸ πρὶν,
ταῦθ' ὑψίπυργα σῆς χερὸς φαντάσματ' ἂν
σοὶ δὴ σαλευθεῖσ' ἐγκατέσκηψεν, φέναξ, 930
καταῤῥαγέντα καὶ διεσκεδασμένα.

ΚΩΜΟΣ.

καὶ μὴν ἀληθῆ ταῦτα· καὶ θεῶν τινα
ξύνοιδ' ἀλεξητῆρα τοῖς βροτοῦ λόγοις·
ἐγὼ δὲ, καίπερ οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον σθένων,
ψυχρὸν πέφριχ' ἱδρῶτα περιχυθεὶς ὅλως,
οἷοι παλαιοῦ θῆτες ἔτρεσαν Κρόνου
Ζηνὸς κεραυνὸν, τάς τε Ταρτάρου πέδας.
ἄλλοις δόλοισι τῆς κόρης πειρατέον.
ἄφες σὺ τήνδε φιλάρετον φλυαρίαν·
οὐ γὰρ ξυνᾴδει τοῖς καθεστῶσιν νόμοις 940
καθ' οὓς ξυνέσμεν, οὐδ' ἔμοιγ' ἐατέα·
τὸ δ' οὐδὲν, εἰ μὴ κακοφυοῦς τιν' αἵματος
καθάρματ'· ἔστι δ', οὔπερ εἴ τις ἥψατο,
καὶ κάρτ' ἄθυμον ἡδοναῖς ἐπόντισεν,
οἵασπερ οὐδ' ὄναρ τις ἤλπισεν τυχεῖν.
ἀλλ' εἶα, τερπνοῦ, δεῖ σε γὰρ, γεῦσαι ποτοῦ.

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but all are driven in: the* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissev'ring power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here,
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me 820
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

Ἆρα δὴ λέληθεν ὑμᾶς ἀπατηλὸς ἐκφυγών,
τήν τε ῥαβδὸν ἁρπάσαντες αὐτὸν οὐκ ἐδήσατε;
τήνδε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσιν ἡμῖν, ὡς ἔδει, παλίντροπον,
ᾄσματός τε πάντα διαλύοντος ἄψορρον μένος, 950
πῶς ἂν εἴη τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν λίθῳ πεπηγμένην
κἄπορον λύειν; ἐγὼ δὲ τῶν φόβων ἀκεσφόρον
τοῦ γέροντος ἄλλο τι ξυνῆκα Μελιβοίου μαθών,
ὃς κατ' ἀγροὺς ποιμένων ἄριστα μαντεύειν ἔφυ.
ἐνθάδ' ἐστ' ἐγχωρία τις εὐμενής τε παρθένος,
ἣν ῥοᾶς ἀκύμονος χαλινὸν ὑγρὸν εὐτρεπῆ
φασὶ νωμᾶν, καὶ Σαβρίναν ταῖν δυαῖν ἓν τοὔνομα·
τὴν δ' ἐγέννησεν Λοκρίνας, διαδόχος Βρούτου πατρός·
ὡς δὲ μητρυίας ἔφευγεν ἀβλαβὴς Γυενδόλου

Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head.
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin-blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garlands' wreaths into her stream, 850
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,

δείν' ἀλυούσης διωγμὸν, παρατρέχουσιν ἐμποδὼν 960
νάμασιν παρέθηκε πιστεύουσ' ἀκήρατον δέμας·
αἶψα τὴν δ' εὐώλενος χλιδῶσιν ὑδρήλῳ 'ν βάθει
Ναΐδων ἐδέξατ', εἴς τε Νηρέως παλαιγενοῦς
ἤγαγεν χορός· γέρων δ' ἄρ', ἰσχὺν οἳ 'ξάρας κάρα,
νέκταρος βρύουσιν εὐστρωτοῖσι τ' ἀσαμίνθοις ἔνι
ταῖς κόραις ἔδωκε λούειν, λύγρ' ἐποικτείρας πάθη,
ἄμβροτόν τ' ἔχευ' ἔλαιον πάντας εἰσόδους δία,
οἷσιν αἴσθεσθαι βροτεῖα σωμάτων ἔχει μέλη·
τῶν δὲ θνητῶν ῥίμφ' ἀπαλλαγεῖσ' ἐκαίνισεν βίον,
ποταμία θεὰ γεγῶσα· χὡς νεανίσκης ἔτι 970
πρᾳότης περίεστιν ἡ πρὶν, ἑσπέρας τε πολλάκις
φασί νιν λειμῶσι ποίμνας περιπολεῖν σκοπουμένην,
ἔν τε τῷδ' ὅσαπερ δυσαεῖς αἴμυλοί τε δαίμονες
μηχανόῤῥαφοί τ' ἔρεξαν, ταῦτα πᾶν τοὐνάντιον
ἠπίοις κρυπτοῖσι φαρμάκοισιν ἰᾶσθαι φιλεῖ.
συχνὰ δ' ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἑορτάζοντες ἀγροίκῳ μέλει
ποιμένες κλῄζουσιν αὐτὴν, ὄντ' ἐπώνυμον τρέφει
ἀνθέων ξανθῶν, ἐρυθρῶν, στέμμασιν παναιόλοις
ἄσμενοι τιμῶσι κρουνόν· ἡ δὲ, Μελιβοίου τόδε,
διαχαλᾶν κάτοιδ' ἐπωδῶν ἐμπεφυκυιῶν κρύος, 980

If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need: this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake:
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,

υγροποιὸς, εἴ τις ὕμνων αἰσίοις προσφθέγμασι
προσκυνεῖ· φιλοπάρθενος δὲ, τοῦ πρὶν εὔμνηστος βίου,
τῇ κόρῃ φθάσασ' ἀρήξει τῇ κεκινδυνευμένῃ.
ἀλλ' ἔπειμ', εὐχαῖς ξυνείρων εὔρυθμον μελῳδίαν.

ψυχρῶν ἐξ ἑδρῶν ὑάλου στρ.
Σαβρίνα φεῦ κλῦθι καλὰ,
ἀργήστῃ 'ν ποτάμῳ κατακοσμοῦσ'
ἠλέκτρῳ διερὰς τρίχας, ἄνθεσιν
εὐπλοκάμους, θεὰ ἀργυροειδοῦς
λίμνας, πρόφρασσα παρθένων 990
αἰδοῦς φύλαξ·
σὲ πρὸς γουνάζομαι μεγίστου
φάνηθι, δέσποιν', Ὠκεανοῦ,
τάς τε τριαίνας τοῦ 'ννοσιγαίου,
Τηθύος, ἃ βραδὺ βαίνει σεμνὰ,
θαυματοποιοῦ τοῦ Καρπαθίου,
πρὸς λεπιδωτοῦ κόγχας ἕλικος
Τρίτωνος, ῥυσοῦ πολιαῖσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι Νηρέως,
Γλαυκοῦ τ' ἀληθομάντεως,
ἁβρῶν τε χειρῶν 1000
τᾶς τἄνακτος τῶν παράλων ἀντιστρ.

* Soph. *Electr.* 121--152.

By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have;
Listen and save.

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings:*

By the rushy-fringed bank 890
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays;

μητρὸς δίας Λευκοθέας,
Θέτιδός τε ποδῶν χρυσοπεδίλων,
καὶ Σειρήνων λειριοέσσων,
ἁγνῶν τε ταφῶν πρὸς Παρθενόπας,
κτενὸς Λιγείας χρυσέας
ἅπερ καλὰς
τριχὰς θέλγουσα πρὸς πέτραισιν
ἥσται φαένναις, Ναϊάδων τ'
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν δελεαζουσῶν 1010
μαρμαρυγαῖς τε ποδῶν ἀνὰ νάματα·
ῥίμφ' ἀνεγερθεῖσ' ἐξ εὐστρωτοῦ
κεφαλὰν λέκτρου τὰν ῥοδοέσσαν,
εἶρξον ὑπερφίαλον ποταμοῦ προκυλινδομένου μένος,
ἕως ἱκνουμένων ἂν
σωτεῖρ' ἀκούσῃς.

ΣΑΒΡΙΝΑ.

*πὰρ δονακόχλοον ὄχθαν, ὅθι ναρῶν στρ.
φῦλ' οἰσύων ἔβλαστε,
διολισθὼν διφρὸς ἐλινύει μοι,
πύκν' ἐστιγμένος αἰόλων 1020
στόλῳ πορφυρέῳ λί-

* Eur. *Hippol.* 729—748.

Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request, 900
I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me; 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast

θων, σύν τ' οἴνοπι μαργαρι-
τῶν τῶν ἐν ποταμῷ πλανωμέ-
νων στίφει κυανανγεῖ.
θοὰς προλιποῦσα ῥείθρου λιβάδας,
ποδῶν βήματ' ἄτερθ' ἰχνῶν
θεῖσα πάρειμ' ἁπαλαῖς ἐπὶ ταῖς ἀνθέων ἀντιστρ.
κεφαλαῖς· τὰ δ' οὐ μολούσης
ποτε νεύει λεπτὸν ἁφαῖς μαλακαῖσιν.
ποιμένων ἀγανώτατε, 1030
σοῦ κεκληκότος ἥκω.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

νύμφα, κλῦθ', ἱκετεύομεν·
προτείνασ' ἀτρίακτον ἡμῖν
τὰν σὰν δύναμιν, κρατεραῖσιν
ἁλοῦσαν ἀπεύκτου τεχναῖσι μάγου
ῥῦσαι παρθένον ἄχραντον.

ΣΑΒΡΙΝΑ.

*ἀλλὰ δὴ κούραισι βοηδρομεῖν, στρ.
βουκόλ', ἐμοὶ προσήκει
μάλιστα θεῶν λελοχισμέναις· σὺ δ' οὖν με,
φαιδρὸν ὄμμ', ἄθρησον. 1040
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ὠλέναις καθαρὰς

* Eur. *Alcest.* 584—603.

Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

SPIRIT.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,

ἐκρέοντα κράνας
ὧδε φάρμακα βάλλω,
τρὶς δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ δακτύλων ἀκμᾷ,
τρὶς χειλέων ἐπ' ἀώτῳ
ἦκ' ἐπιῤῥαίνω· τὸ δ' ἔπειτα τάσδ' ἀντιστρ.
ἁψαμένα ψυχραῖς χεί-
ρεσσιν διεραῖς τό γε πρὶν πυριτρεφεῖ κε-
χριμένας ἕδρας γλοι-
ῷ δυσπάλαιστον ἰομιγεῖ, 1050
ὧδ' ἐλευθερῶ σε.
νῦν μοι νυκτὸς ἔτ' ἄκρας
ἰτέον, θαλάμοις ἐν Ἀμφιτρί-
τας ὑγροῖς θεραπαίνᾳ.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

φῦσα Λοκρίνου, τοῦ τ' ἀρχαιοῦ
γενὸς Ἀγχίσου, κούρα, μήποτε,
τοιάδ' ἕδρασας, σοί γ' ἔλλειποι
μυριοπληθῶν δῶρον λιβάδων,
χιονοβλήτων αἵ τ' ἀπὸ κρημνῶν
σοῖς ἐμπίπτουσι ῥεέθροις· 1060
μηδ' αὐαλέαις θέρος αὔραισιν

Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside 950
All the swains that near abide,

κεφαλᾶς ἁβρὰν χάριν αἴκιζοι,
μηδὲ διαυγῆ κρουνὸν ἀείρυτον
οἶδμα μολύνοι βορβοροειδὲς,
φθίνοντος σῆμ' ἐνιαυτοῦ.
εὔλιθος ἀκτὰ σοὶ, χρυσόῤῥυτά τ'
εἴη κύματα, πολλά τε πύργων
καὶ λειμώνων ἄμφις ἀγάλματα
δοίη σοὶ θεὸς ὑψικαρήνῳ,
σύν τ', εὐώδη μύρτων ὕλαν. 1070
σὺ δέ μοι σύζυξ μέγα χαῖρε, γύναι·
τοῦ δαιμονίου ποιμαίνοντος
τῶν καταράτων ἀπολυόμενοι
πρός τιν' ἀμείνω
χώραν συγᾷ προΐωμεν.
καινὰ γὰρ ἴσμεν τὸν θεομισῆ
δράσοντα μάγον· φευκτέα δ' ἡμῖν
ἄντρα κνεφαίων ἄξενα δρυμῶν.
εἰς δὲ τὰ πατρὸς πλήσιον ὄντος
χωρεῖν καιρός· τᾷδε γὰρ ὄρφνᾳ 1080
συχνοὶ κατέβησαν ἕταιροι,
νόστου χαρόποι πᾶσι ποθεινοῦ,
μετά τ' ἀγροίκων τῶν περιοίκων

With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS *and the* LADY.

SONG. SPIRIT.

Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next sunshine holyday;
Here be, without duck or nod, 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father aud Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,

ἀφελεῖ παίζουσι χορείᾳ·
τῶν δ' ἐπ' ἀθύρμασι φωραθέντων
κάρτ' ἐπιδώσει χάρμ' αἰφνιδιον.
καίριος αὐδῶ· νῦν μετέωρος
χορὸς ἀστερόεις δῖος· ἔθ' ἡμῖν
ἀμβροσία νὺξ
μεσσουρανία βασιλεύει. 1090

ἄπιτ' ἐκ τούτων, ποιμένες, ἑδρῶν, τά γε παίγνια νῦν τετέλεσται,
κωμάζοντες δ' ἄλλοι ἔπεισιν, θαλερὰν ὄρχηστιν ἄγοντες,
γενναιοπρεπὲς σχῆμ' ἀρίδηλοι, μελάθροισιν ἅτ' ἐν βασιλείοις·
εὐρυστέρνων ἐπὶ λειμώνων, Δρυάδεσσι μεθ' ἁβροβάταισιν,
τοιάδ' ὁ Μαίας ἐξεῦρε πάλαι, τερπνὰς φίλ' ἀγάλμαθ' ἑορτᾶς.

γενναῖε κρέον, δέσποιν' ἀγανά, νέον ἥκω χάρμ' ἐσενεγκὼν,

Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance,
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

SPIRIT.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;

γένος ὑμέτερον τόδε τριπλάσιον, κλώνων τρόπον, εὔτροφα τέκνα·
σφόδρα μὲν ἤδη βασανισθέντες πίστιν ῥώμαν τε καὶ ἥβαν,
νῦν στεφανηφόροι ἀθανάτοισιν θεόθεν χαίρουσιν ἐπαίνοις,
ἡσσηθεισας στερῥῷ πολέμῳ τὰς μαργοσύνας περιγηθεῖς.

ἄλαδ᾽ εἶμι νῦν πτερωτὸς
μακάρων τε τέρματ᾽ οἴμων,
ὅθ᾽ ἄϋπνον ὄμμα Φοίβου
πλάτος οὐρανοῦ διήκει·
καθαρὰν γὰρ ἐνθάδ᾽ αὔραν
ἐν ἀγροῖς καλοῖς ἀφύσσω,
ὅθ᾽ Ἕσπερος παλαιὸς,
κόραις ξὺν ἐκγόνοισι,
περὶ δένδρα χρυσόκαρπα
τέταρτος αὐτὸς ᾄδει· 1110
πυκνοῖς σκιασθὲν ἄντροις
ἔαρ ἁβρὸν ἐγχορεύει,
Χάριτές τ᾽ ἐκεῖ στόλος τε

That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling 990
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the od'rous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew—
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)—
Beds of hyacinths and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen

ῥοδόκολπος αἰὲν Ὧραι,
ὅσ' ἔχουσι συμφέρουσαι
θέρος ἄφθιτον ποιοῦσιν·
ἀνὰ κεδρινάς τ' ἀγυίας
παντοῖον ἡδυόσμων
ἀημάτων ἄωτον
πτέρυγες νότου πνέουσιν· 1120
Ἶρις δ' ἐκεῖ, βρέχουσα
εὐώδεσιν μετ' ὄχθαις
ποικίλματ' ἀνθεμώδη
πλεόν' ἢ πολύῤῥαφός περ
ἀγάλλεται φέρουσα,
ὑακινθίνας ἔβαψε
στιβάδας ῥοδοπνόους τε,
(συνετοῖσι ταῦτα φωνεῖ,)
ψακάδ' ἄμβροτον χέουσα,
πρώθηβος ἔνθ' Ἄδωνις, 1130
μέγα τραῦμα τραυματισθεὶς,
εὔϋπνος ἦκ' ἀναπνεῖ·
παρὰ δ' ἱζάνει κατηφὴς
βασίλισσα τῶν κατ' ἠῶ·
τὸ δ' ἄνωθεν αἰολόχρως

Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,

περικλειτὸς ὂν τέχ᾽ υἷος
Ἔρως πρέπει πρόεδρος,
Ψυχήν τε τὴν ποθητὴν
καμάτων ἀπαλλαγεῖσαν,
μέσφ᾽ οὗ λαβεῖν ἐς ἀεὶ 1140
θεόπομπον ᾗ δάμαρτα,
κατέχει φρένας δαμεῖσαν·
ἀφ᾽ ἧς θεοῖς δέδοκται
Ἥβην Χαράν τε τερπνὸν
βλάστημα τῆς ἀμώμου
διδύμην γόνην ἔσεσθαι.
ἐμοὶ δὲ νῦν κέκρανται·
ποτανὸς ἢ ποδαρκὴς
ἐπ᾽ ἔσχατ᾽ εἶμι γαίας,
κυρτωθὲν ἔνθα νεύει 1150
μόγις πόλου τὸ λαῖτμα,
ὅθεν περ εἰς Σελήνην
καὶ θᾶσσον ἔστ᾽ ἀνελθεῖν.
τούτων δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ εἰ βροτῶν τις
συλλαμβάνειν ἔμελλε,
(οἵα τε γὰρ καθ᾽ αὑτὴν
ὑπὲρ οὐρανοῦ χορείας

She can teach thee how to climb 1020
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

φέρειν ὃς ἂν φιλῇ νιν,)
Ἀρετῆς χρεὼν ἔχεσθαι·
ἢ δ' εἴ ποτ' ἠσθένησε,
μακάρων ἄνωθεν ἁγὼν
ἔκυψεν ἂν πρὸς αὐτήν. 1160

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